



No. 622.—VOL. XLVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1904.

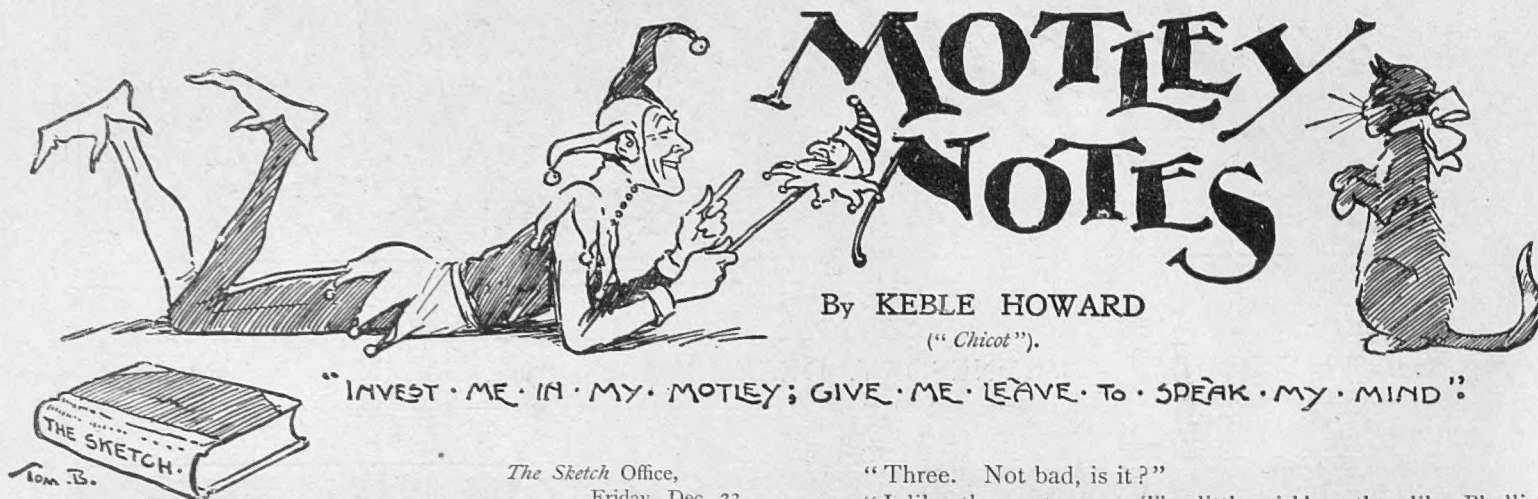
SIXPENCE.



[DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.]

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door."



IT is all very well to talk about depression in trade and the rest of it. We are all agreed, I suppose, that there is no money about, yet we cannot escape the facts that London has found room for three new places of amusement this Christmas, that all the other places of amusement are doing very well indeed, and that at least half-a-dozen new theatres are being built as rapidly as possible. What is the explanation? What can it be, unless we are prepared to admit that the present generation hate their homes, hate their Clubs, hate each other, hate themselves, and can find happiness only in pits, and galleries, and places where other people sing? The climate, of course, must be held responsible. In some countries, I understand, it is possible to sit out of doors, smoke cigars, talk laughingly about nothing in particular, and listen to soft music. The Londoner, poor fellow, knows nothing of such joys. His work over for the day, he finds himself compelled to sit indoors, smoke bad cigarettes, and talk gloomily about influenza. At any rate, that's what he actually does, with the result that the Lyceum has been converted into a music-hall, and the two finest houses of entertainment in London are the Hippodrome and the Coliseum. It should be a matter of satisfaction, perhaps, that the Londoner still cherishes his love of animals.

You might imagine, from the foregoing paragraph, that I am suffering from an attack of "the blues." Bless you, not a bit of it! I am merely trying to get myself into a mournful mood in order that I may say something rather ponderous and important about Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness." You may have noticed, if you read the daily papers, that the Stage Society produced this play at the Royalty Theatre on Sunday evening last, and repeated the agony on the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday. Had you been present on Monday afternoon, you might have observed, sitting very humbly amid the crowd of Earnest Students, this wee one. To tell the truth, it was my first experience of a Stage Society performance, and I was fully conscious of my presumption in being there at all. Determined to escape attention if possible, I trailed a wisp of hair over my forehead, frowned heavily, and supported my head on the tips of two delicately-extended fingers. Ten minutes of the play, though, upset entirely this elaborate pose. I found myself clutching at the arms of my stall, indifferent to the surroundings, praying for the fall of the curtain. A man livid of countenance, wasted to a shadow, racked with hideous pains, was dying slowly before my eyes, and his wife, who had given him poison, was rating him for making such a disturbance.

It was a relief, I can tell you, when the lights went up. I sat back, mopped my forehead, put the silly wisp of hair away, and breathed as hard as though I had been under water for two minutes. I dared not look about me. I did not like to trespass upon the emotions of my companions. Judge, therefore, of my amazement when a lady sitting upon my right observed to her friend, in a high, serene voice, "Don't forget to remind me to get that wool, dear."

I gasped. Were these the Earnest Students of whom I had so often heard?

"I suppose it isn't worth while changing now," said a man just in front of me, "but we're in 46 and 47, and our proper seats are 49 and 50."

"Well, but those two are occupied," said his wife.

"I know. It's rather a nuisance disturbing people."

"Beastly! Still, if you think we could see better from there——"

"Oh, I don't think we could. By the way, did you post that letter to Arthur?"

"Yes, dear. I posted it at the station. How many more Acts are there?"

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"Three. Not bad, is it?"

"I like the costumes. The little girl's rather like Phyllis, don't you think?"

The tyranny of the *matinée-hat* is always an inspiring subject. Very gradually, I note, women are allowing themselves to be persuaded that men honestly and sincerely care more about what is being done on the stage than for a prolonged, intimate, satisfying study of faultless millinery. "Of course, it is fearfully Philistine of them, but it is better to humour them, perhaps, than risk a scene. In the meantime, there is no necessity to humour children in the same way. It is a very great treat for children to be taken to a theatre at all, and the naughty little creatures have no right to grumble if their view of the stage is obscured by a nice hat. After all, they can hear the music, they can hear the voices of the actors and actresses, they can look at the people behind them and on either side of them; why should any woman go to the trouble of taking off her hat in order to let a child witness a play that, ten chances to one, it wouldn't understand?" Such were the arguments, one imagines, of the two ladies in heathenish hats who sat and smiled in the front-row of the stalls at the Garrick one afternoon this week. What did it matter though the "Captious Critic" of the *Sporting and Dramatic* denounced them for inhuman monsters? After all, men are so ridiculously soft-hearted where children are concerned.

Heigho! The Old Year is near to death.

*Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.*

Shall I go on to the beautiful refrain? Why not? He has had his faults, this poor Old Year, but, in our hearts, I dare swear that most of us found something to love in him.

*Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.*

For my own part, at any rate, I can say with the Poet that the passing year has been a friend to me. Shall I, then, now that the shadows are closing round him, remember the little ills he brought me? Or shall I remember that I have laughed and cried with him, that he gave me friends, that he taught me, I trust, a little more kindness, a little more philosophy?

*Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.*

There is a further reason, friend the reader, why I may not lightly part company with this Old Year. To-day for the last time it is my privilege to date these "Motley Notes" from *The Sketch* office. My address, during the weeks, and months, and, I hope, years that are to come will be London, or the Forest of Arden, or the Seaside, or the Continent—where you will. I am faring forth from the shelter of these familiar walls to seek knowledge and adventures in the wide world—mainly, I may add, in the wide world of London. This page, by your favour, will still be my care; the other pages of the journal will be the care of another.

*There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.*

Good luck to him, say I, and all prosperity!

Finally, just one word of thanks, from my heart, to all those, both in the office and out of it, who have been responsible for the continued success of *The Sketch*. Thanks, a thousand times! A glorious New Year to every one of you!

THE TURN OF THE YEAR: SOME EXTRACTS FROM A HUMOURIST'S NOTE-BOOK.



THE CLUBMAN.

The Past Year—Our Fogs.

ONCE a year "The Clubman" looks back instead of forward, and that is when the year is at its last gasp and I transfer the four-leaved shamrock, which is one of my fetiches, from the title-page of one diary to the title-page of the next. I am afraid that this year has not been the great improvement on the last that we all twelve months ago hoped it might be. Times are still hard in the City, and the City is the pulse of England. The prophets say that we are on the very verge of an improvement, but that is a prophecy we have all listened to since the dour days of the South African War, when the stockbrokers gave up drinking champagne and took to beer. This year they have become water-drinkers.

We have been as near a great European war as two nations can get without firing at anything more formidable than fishing-craft, but the fiery French, our friends and the allies of Russia, have proved themselves the peacemakers of Europe, and, unless something unforeseen occurs during the Conference on the borders of the Seine, we shall not give Russia the satisfaction of receiving the knock-out blow from a big boy instead of a small one; for if the Japanese, as seems quite probable, are sending their warships into the Indian Ocean to attack the various sections of the Baltic Fleet before they unite in Dutch waters, we may yet see Russia more hopelessly defeated in her final battles in the open sea than in any of those circus performances of her ships outside Port Arthur.

To skip for a moment from retrospect to intelligent anticipation, how astonished all Europe would be, when the Baltic Fleet has been wiped out, as it probably will be, to find Japanese cruisers, with attendant colliers, coming into the Mediterranean to seize any ships carrying contraband of war for Russian southern ports. Japan can claim at least equal facilities to those which Russia has been given for her leisurely parade of warships Eastward should she choose to send her vessels Westward, and what a tremendous reception a Japanese squadron would get at Aden and Malta during the twenty-four hours it would be allowed to stay!

But I am getting into the Old Moore vein, and should deck my picture of the "Yellow Peril" with an earthquake or two and some other catastrophes. To return to the past. In the world of the Clubs there have been no very great events during the year. The members of the St. James's Club were hospitably entertained by White's and taught their hosts that *écarté* is just as amusing a game as bridge. I should not be in the least surprised if the former game comes much into vogue in country houses. The Naval and Military has now a beautiful white Georgian hall for its members to smoke in, instead of the dark-chocolate suite of rooms. The Garrick members have been discussing plans for the ornamentation and re-arrangement of their rooms.

One of the Ladies' Clubs has disappeared, but the Lyceum, a Ladies' Club with a pleasant literary flavour, has risen successfully above the horizon. Perhaps the most striking Club event of the year has been the

success of the New Almack's Club. A Club where ladies and men could play bridge together was such a novelty that the old fogies shook their heads over it. The points have been kept low, and the success of the Club has been so emphatic that its proprietors have leased the premises next-door and are adding these to the Club.

When we go into a tailor's shop, he suggests a brown great-coat to take the place of last year's blue one, and the white dress-waistcoats which our young bloods wear seem to end in butterfly-wings. Otherwise we are garbed at the end of 1904 very much as we were at the close of 1903.



THE "DAILY MAIL" SANTA CLAUS STOCKINGS
FOR POOR CHILDREN:
FILLING ONE OF THE STOCKINGS.

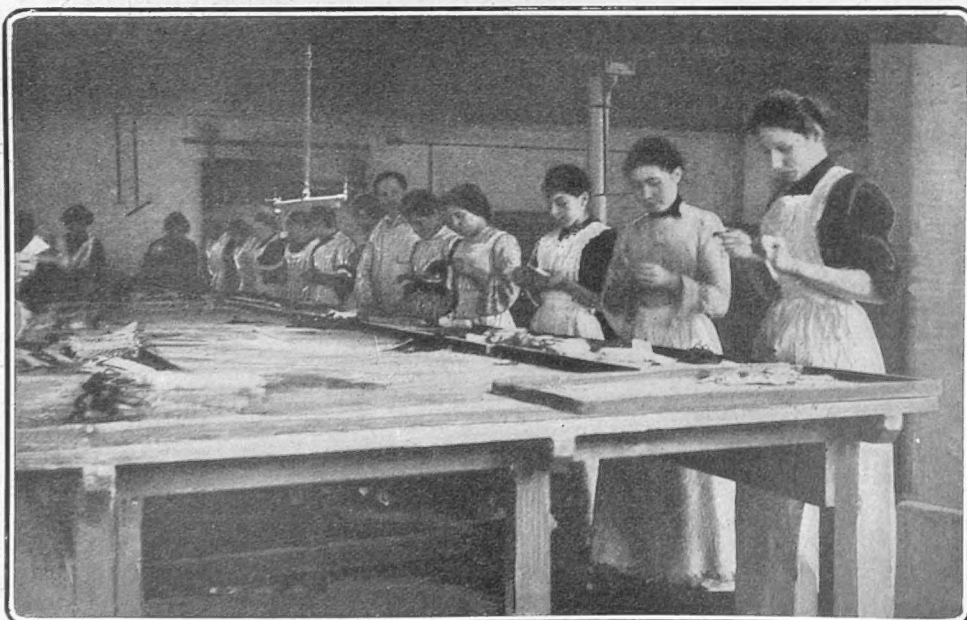
We certainly can point to our 1904 fog as being the thickest on record. What the strangers who came over to London for Christmas thought of it I can only feebly guess. During the very worst hours on Wednesday last, I crossed Northumberland Avenue just where it runs into Trafalgar Square, and, amidst the confusion of horses and omnibuses and cabs, I found two bewildered Frenchmen who could not speak a word of English and who were trying to find their way to South Kensington on foot. I conveyed them to the pavement, and the best advice I could give them was to forego the attractions of South Kensington and to go back to Paris by an early train. They thanked me, but still persevered in their intention to see the sights of London.

What is 1905 likely to bring? The best gift the new-comer could hold in its hand would be Peace; but that, unfortunately, seems further off than ever. A great victory in the East might check the ferment of social discontent in Russia, and, no doubt, the advisers of the Czar tell him that Kuropatkin's bayonets and not a new Constitution are the trump cards which he should play.

In spite of all reverses, the faith in the irresistible might of her Army is still strong in Russia; but when the snow thaws and the ice on the rivers melts, and once more the grey-coats go up to the assault, Kuropatkin will find that Oyama has set a steel chain before Liao-Yang for him to break his teeth upon, and the useless slaughter of splendidly brave men will continue as before.

THE "DAILY MAIL" AS SANTA CLAUS.

That Christmas, whatever the pessimists may say, is really a season of goodwill was abundantly proved by the liberal response to the appeal of the *Daily Mail* on behalf of the children of the poor. In answer



THE "DAILY MAIL" SANTA CLAUS STOCKINGS FOR POOR CHILDREN: THE STOCKINGS
BEING MADE BY A SMALL ARMY OF SEAMSTRESSES.

From Photographs taken specially for "The Sketch."

to the queries, "Is Santa Claus dead?" and "Shall we fill that empty stocking?" offerings of money, toys, sweets, chocolate, and other good things literally poured in, and sixty thousand poor children in all parts of the kingdom were thereby made happy. A peculiarly gratifying feature was the practical sympathy shown by the children of the rich for the children of the poor, and the total sum of money received from all sources amounted to some two thousand pounds; indeed, the public had to be urgently requested to cease sending in money. The offerings in kind from various large firms and private individuals largely augmented this total.

THE HEROINE OF THE NEW IRISH PLAY WITH MUSIC.



MISS MARIE DAINTON AS "PEGGY MACHREE,"

IN THE PIECE OF THAT NAME TO BE PRODUCED THIS EVENING (DEC. 28) AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

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THE "PETER PAN" POSTER.

On page 378 of this issue we reproduce, by courteous permission of Mr. Charles Frohman, the "Peter Pan" poster that is now to be seen all over London. Master Nicholson, the very youthful artist who designed the poster, is the son of Mr. William Nicholson, the celebrated painter and wood-engraver.

The late Mrs. Bishop, the well-known traveller, has left all the copyrights and royalties of her works to "her dear friend and publisher, Mr. John Murray." This will not surprise those who knew Mrs. Bishop and her warm appreciation of the great services rendered her by the house of Murray. The Life of Mrs. Bishop is to be written by Miss Anna Stoddart, the biographer of the late Professor Blackie.

One is glad to notice that the Æolian Hall is coming more and more forward into popularity. A few days ago, Miss Eva Young and Mr. A. C. Handley-Davies gave a very interesting Pianoforte and Violin Recital, which they opened with a performance of Schumann's "Phantasiestücke" (Op. 73), and in which they were highly successful, playing not only with much spirit, but also with great refinement. They were assisted by Miss Lillie Wormald, who sang Schumann's "Die Lotusblume" and Delibes' "Les Filles de Cadix" with singular purity and simplicity of tone.

A complimentary dinner was given to Mr. R. Pratti last week to celebrate his return to the Ship Restaurant, in Charing Cross, after a temporary absence, and to signalise the transformation of that well-known eating-house. Mr. Woodward, the architect of the alterations, presided. Mr. Pratti has been the proprietor of the Ship since 1880, but sold it a year ago. He has now repurchased it, and has made the necessary extensive alterations and improvements to enable it to be run as a high-class restaurant at popular prices.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 31.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 31.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King and Queen, after spending Christmas as usual at Sandringham, are expected to honour the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire with a visit at Chatsworth, and no doubt Mr. Leo Trevor will again produce those theatricals an invitation to which is so highly valued even by the "smartest" in Society. Their Majesties' proposed visit to Criche had, of course, to be postponed, owing to the death of Lord Hardwicke, the brother of Lady Alington;

but it is expected to be paid when the period of mourning is over. As for the Prince of Wales, he is about to repeat one of those visits to Ireland which have been so successful in the past. It is well known that His Royal Highness is one of the best shots in the country, and, as he is to be the guest of Lord Ardilaun, he will enjoy, at the famous estate of Ashford, in County Galway, what is considered by experts to be absolutely the best woodcock-shooting in the world, better even than the famous "cocking" to be obtained in Greece and Albania. The Prince, who was himself invested as Knight of St. Patrick in company with Lord Roberts—who was attended on that occasion by his son, Lieutenant Frederick Roberts, destined to die a hero's death at Colenso not long afterwards—intends to be present at the investiture of Lord Mayo, the newly appointed "K.P."

Sir Lowthian Bell. Sir Lowthian Bell, who has died full of years and honour, was a remarkable example of the application of a highly trained scientific intellect to commercial affairs. At Edinburgh University, and, later, at the Sorbonne in Paris, as well as in Germany and Denmark, he received that training in engineering and applied science which enabled him to develop so marvellously the iron and coal trade of the north-east coast of England. Scientific honours, including the Fellowship of the Royal Society, came to him in abundance, and he was created a Baronet on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone. Sir Lowthian, in the later years of his life, was extremely fond of gardening, and he indulged his hobby with great success at his beautiful place, Rounton Grange, near Northallerton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bell. Mr. Hugh Bell, Sir Lowthian's eldest son, who succeeds to the Baronetcy, is as well known in social-political society as his charming and accomplished wife. Sir Hugh Bell—to call him by the new style and title—had long been associated with his father in extensive commercial and manufacturing enterprises. He had a cosmopolitan education in Scotland, France, and Germany, and latterly he has taken a leading part in opposing Mr. Chamberlain's proposals with a force and ability which have made a profound impression on the north-east coast. The new Lady Bell inherits much of her ability from her father, the late Sir Joseph Olliffe, who was for many years the most famous English physician in Paris. Her "Conversational Openings," which appeared a year or two ago, will be remembered with delight by many readers, and she is so absolutely a mistress of the French language that she has not only written little plays for children in French, but also several one-Act pieces for children of larger growth. One of these, entitled "L'Indécis," was produced by Coquelin at the Royalty in 1887.

A Year without a Peer. The year that is passing has, on the whole, been singularly barren from the title-giving point of view. There have, of course, been the customary Honours Lists, but none of them have aimed very high. Knighthoods and lesser titles have been fairly numerous; Baronetcies, however, have been few; and of new Peerages there has been nary a one, a state of things, we are reminded, that has not occurred since 1883. The New Year, perhaps, holds surprises in store. Mr. Balfour may feel more benign within the next three days. Is it possible that we are to hear of the creation of a Lord "Brum," or is our Joe merely to remain Lord Protector?

An Honour for Mr. Tree.

The readiness with which Mr. Beerbohm

Tree, in company with many another distinguished member of "the" profession, lends his aid to charitable causes has received meet recognition. With the sanction of the King, the presiding genius of His Majesty's has been enrolled as Honorary Associate of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England. This as reward for his services in connection with the entertainment given at his theatre last July in aid of the British Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem, which belongs to the famous Order. Congratulations!

Sarah Bernhardt and the Sublime Porte.

Of a certainty, Mr. Redford will have to look to his laurels. Not only has Mr. Frohman introduced "A Wife without a Smile" to American audiences with a motionless doll, which is, surely, a little like the proverbial production of "Hamlet" without the Dane, but that most puissant Prince "Abdul the Ahem'd" is evidently envious of his powers, and, being envious, desirous to annex them. Nor, as behoves a monarch, does he fly at small game. The divine Sarah herself, who has been playing at Constantinople, has fallen temporarily under his ban, and has been forbidden to enact "Phédre," "La Tosca," and especially "L'Aiglon," under pains and penalties not specified, and this despite the gallant efforts of the French Embassy. The Sublime Porte shares with the man in the street a dislike for counterfeit Sovereigns and "half-Sovereigns," and to "L'Aiglon" on this occasion was attached a particular stigma, in that, it was suggested, the fact that Madame Bernhardt proposed to represent a male character marked a desire to break the laws of the Koran.



STUDY OF AN ARABIAN BEAUTY.
BY CATON WOODVILLE.

Lady George Nevill. Lady George Nevill has now been for over twenty years one of the most popular of Sussex hostesses. She was, before her marriage to Lord Abergavenny's third son, Miss Florence Mary Soanes, the only daughter of a Kentish squire, and she and Lord George will celebrate their Silver Wedding in three years' time. Since the death of the late Lady Abergavenny, Lady Henry Nevill and Lady George Nevill have often helped their venerable father-in-law to do the honours of Eridge Castle, to which famous Sussex mansion Lord George's own home, Dane Gate House, is quite close. Lord and Lady George Nevill have two sons and a young daughter, Miss Marjorie Nevill, who, though still a débutante, is already engaged to be married to her cousin, Mr. Ralph Nevill.

Lady Tankerville. Lady Tankerville has had an exceptionally interesting life. Of American parentage—she was, before her marriage to the then Lord Bennet, Miss Leonora van Marter—she was born in Switzerland and educated in Italy. Her wedding to the future Lord Tankerville was quite a romance. That

has lost one of the most promising of its younger members by the death of the Earl of Hardwicke, and Lord Ridley's death reduces the list of reserve statesmen in the Upper House.

"C.-B." and Mr. Chamberlain.

When one statesman tells another to try to be a gentleman, controversy is at a dangerous stage. Yet this is what Mr. Chamberlain publicly said to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the latter has replied with great spirit and pungency. There is no love lost between these statesmen, and, as both are blunt speakers and good hitters, controversy between them makes good sport for the observer who is not afraid of hard words. Both are rich men and obstinate men with views of their own, and both are possible Prime Ministers. "C.-B." was in office five years before Mr. Chamberlain entered the House, but the latter got into the Cabinet before him. They were colleagues in the Liberal Government of 1880-85, and during the latter part of the period, according to Mr. Healy, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman governed Ireland with Scotch jokes. His habit of joking irritates an adversary.



LADY GEORGE NEVILL.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



THE COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

most cultivated of Peers was ranching in the Wild West when he wooed and won his beautiful bride. Lord and Lady Tankerville rarely live at their historic home, Chillingham Castle, noted for its wonderful herd of wild cattle; when in Northumberland, they inhabit a pretty place near Cornhill-on-Tweed, their ancestral home having now been let for some years. Lord and Lady Tankerville are both very fond of music, and, as Lord Bennet, the former was a frequent exhibitor of fine miniatures at the Royal Academy. He and his wife have four children—two sons and two daughters. Lord Ossulston, the future Earl, will be eight years old next August, and his baby brother is one year old this month.

Politicians' Obituary.

Parliament has lost a considerable number of notable men during 1904. Only a year has passed since the death of Sir William Allan, one of the most picturesque figures ever seen at St. Stephen's. Tributes have yet to be paid in the House to Sir William Harcourt, who was for several years its greatest ornament. The House has lost also Mr. James Lowther, one of its most strongly marked and most popular individualities; Mr. Heywood Johnstone, who linked the new generation with an older race of squires; and Mr. Spencer Charrington, the veteran in years. Mr. Pickard, one of the best-known of the labour representatives, also has died within the year. The Government

Lord Mount Stephen.

Lord Mount Stephen, who has been entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bocket Hall, has had a remarkable career. Born at a small town in Banffshire, the son of poor parents, George Stephen emigrated to Canada, became a merchant and a great railway pioneer, and made a fortune. In 1886 he was created a Baronet for his public services in connection with the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in 1891 was raised to the Peerage. It is notable that Lord Strathcona, who also won his Peerage for services connected with Canada, was born within a few miles of Lord Mount Stephen's birthplace in the Far North. Both have given princely donations for public and philanthropic purposes in the Dominion and at home, and both have naturally been very kind to the North of Scotland. Lord Mount Stephen has made provision for the permanent augmentation of the stipends of a large number of ministers in his native district. He is a retiring, modest man, and does much good without ostentation.

A Prophet of Evil. The town of Memel, which is the nearest German port to Russia on the shores of the Baltic, is losing some of its inhabitants because, a short time ago, a Swiss preacher declared that the place would shortly be destroyed by an earthquake. In consequence of this dismal prophecy, a number of the workmen of the town are leaving their homes and moving into East Prussia.

A Fine Old Country Gentleman.

The late Lord Tollemache was the son of one of the most marvellous athletes that the Peerage has ever produced. When he was only nineteen this extraordinary man beat one of the most noted professional runners of the day in a hundred yards race, and before he was thirty he was reputed the finest "whip" of his time and he constantly drove the "London Mail" to Ipswich. He sent his large family of sons to Eton, and when his youngest, Mortimer, got into the Eton eleven at fifteen it was probably the happiest day of the old Lord's life. He it was who sold his house in Piccadilly and built Peckforton Castle in Cheshire, in the midst of a magnificent estate. The Peer who is just dead inherited both Peckforton and Helmingham, a marvellous old moated grange in Suffolk, in 1890, and both he and his father were model landlords. One of the late Peer's brothers, Mr. Lyonel Tollemache, is the only member of the family who has shown marked literary taste. He published a remarkable Memoir of Jowett, and he has also in another volume played the Boswell on a small scale to Mr. Gladstone, whose intimate friend he was.

A Lady "LL.D." Although Oxford and Cambridge still refuse degrees, both honorary and ordinary, to women, other Universities are not so prejudiced. Not long ago, that charming writer of Irish stories, Miss Jane Barlow, received an honorary "LL.D." from Dublin, and more recently Lady Frederick Cavendish obtained the first honorary "LL.D." of the new University of Leeds. Lady Frederick, who since the tragic death of her husband has devoted the whole of her life to the benefitting of her kind, comes of a distinguished family, for she was before her marriage the Hon. Lucy Lyttelton, a favourite Maid-of-Honour of Queen Victoria. Her marriage to the present Duke of Devonshire's brother took place in 1864, and for eighteen years theirs was a singularly happy union. Lady Frederick was the favourite niece of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and she was much with the venerable statesman during the closing months of his long and strenuous life. At the present moment the sad condition of the unemployed is occupying this philanthropic lady's attention.

Lady Strathmore. To be the mistress of Glamis Castle would not be, in the estimation of the superstitious, a particularly desirable position, for Glamis is one of the most famous haunted castles in the world. Lady Strathmore was Miss Cecilia Cavendish-Bentinck, a cousin of the Duke of Portland, and, though she will celebrate her Silver Wedding in two years' time, she is still quite young-looking, and both fond and proud of the stately Scottish castle round which so much legendary lore clusters. Much of Lord and Lady Strathmore's earlier married life was spent in Hertfordshire, where, till the death of the late Peer, they brought up their six sons and three daughters. The Master of Glamis will

years Lady Minto and her daughters have travelled well and wisely, their most remarkable journey being to China, where they were received in special audience by the Empress, who singled out Lady Ruby for much civility. Lady Ruby is very musical and will prove a great addition to that section of Society which concerns itself so actively with music. She has studied under the best German masters and is the best amateur of her age in Society.

One result of the better understanding with France is that on both sides of the Channel men's minds have gone back to that earlier *Entente Cordiale* when the English and French kings met on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The two Kings exchanged



LADY RUBY ELLIOT, DAUGHTER OF LORD MINTO.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.

their portraits, which were engraved on gold in the form of seals and are wonderful works of art. That of Henry VIII., which is valued at £40,000, is kept in a famous old iron chest in the National Archives in Paris, and that of Francis I., one of the masterpieces of Benvenuto Cellini, is preserved in the Record Office in London. A wealthy French amateur has received permission to copy the seal, and he has commissioned a young artist to do the work. Impressions have been taken of Benvenuto Cellini's work, and it is hoped that the artist will be successful, though experts declare that the engraving is so exquisite that it will be impossible to reproduce it. If the attempt is a success, it will be only fair to let the Record Office have a copy of the portrait-seal of Henry VIII.

The Emperors William and Menelik.

The Emperor William has sent a number of valuable presents to the Emperor Menelik by the Mission which he has despatched to Abyssinia. The presents intended for Menelik are some magnificent silver cups, a silver dinner-service, and some specimens of German manufactures; while for the Empress Taitou there is a toilet-service in silver and several pieces of the finest silk. All these gifts have been specially made in Germany, and the Mission has just left Bremen by the Nord-Deutscher Lloyd steamer *Friedrich der Grosse*, going direct to Jibouti. The French have very courteously offered the Mission every facility at Jibouti.

The Kaiser as Librettist.

The Emperor is once more enacting his favourite rôle of the Man of the Hour in Germany. Since the production of his opera in Berlin, the German papers are writing of him exactly as if he were a dramatic author. The Germans have the greatest curiosity about the meals of authors, and so they are now informing their readers that the Kaiser breakfasts off a cup of black coffee, with toast and butter, that he lunches on soup, fish, roast meat and vegetables, a chicken, sweets, and cheese. When he dines in private, the menu of dinner is much the same as that of his luncheon, and before going to bed he drinks a glass of orange-syrup and lemonade with soda-water. But the most important detail is that, of all sweets, the Emperor prefers pancakes.

Queen and Doctor. For some years past Queen Amélie of Portugal has been studying medicine, and now that she has returned to Lisbon from her visits to England and France she is going to work hard to get her doctor's degree. She has set her heart on qualifying in medicine, and will enter for the next examination by the Lisbon Faculty of Medicine.



LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH AS "LL.D." OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

Photograph by Esme Collings, Bond Street, W.

be of age next year, and he is eighteen years older than Lady Strathmore's youngest child, a little boy named David.

Lady Ruby Elliot is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Minto. She was eighteen last September and will make her formal début this next year. Lady Ruby has spent much of her girlhood in Canada, and while there has become one of the best skaters in the Dominion. During the last few



LADY STRATHMORE.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

The Matinée-Hat. Mrs. George Northridge, of New York, has just invented a simple little device for the back of the theatre-seat which has made her the friend of both audience and players. The invention is a combined hat-holder and mirror, which preserves Milady's headgear and protects her vanity. Instead of the matinée-girl's hat slipping and falling to the floor, there to collect dust and be kicked about, it will now be held securely in place in front of her. She will not be obliged to repair to the dressing-room—and thus miss her train after the close of the performance—in order to be sure that her hat is at the proper angle, for the holder in front of her seat contains a mirror, and she can thus arrange her plumes and velvets with as much comfort and ease as if she were in her boudoir at home.

Christmas in Paris. A London friend whom I have just met on the Boulevard has come to the conclusion that at this season there is no French to be heard in Paris, not because all the Parisians leave the Boulevards as much as for the reason that so many of our fellow-countrymen foregather on them (writes our Correspondent). Ever since the beginning of that undefined period known as the holiday season, the Rue de Rivoli, the Champs-Élysées, between the Automobile Salon and the Place de la Concorde, the western portion of the Boulevards, and the streets round the Opéra have been more like the Lees at Folkestone in the daytime, and Earl's Court at night, than like Parisian Paris of the other fifty-one weeks of the year. I have found it quite difficult to avoid the English-speaking Christmas-week waiters in my usual haunts; guides cluster round me thick as flies outside the Grand Hôtel, and, to the English resident who wishes to be known for the Parisian he is (and English residents of Paris are ever so much more Parisian than Parisians are), disguise is almost a necessity for peace in Christmas week. As for goodwill towards men, imagine yourself, reader, being asked some fifty times an afternoon whether you would like a guide to show you London between dusk and dawn, and you will understand that goodwill towards men when men are guides is impossible.

British Guests. And Paris has prepared, as Paris does, to welcome in its British guests with gently smiling jaws. What mistletoe from Normandy has not been exported to England decorates the cafés, the music-halls have put on shows of the type which Britons, when abroad, appreciate, and the more serious theatres have other shows on tap for Mrs. Briton and for Cousin Mary. And I am delighted to see that—barring, of course, the Tourist Agency type of visitor, who is less conspicuous at Christmas-time than in the

warmer seasons, but who is quite conspicuous enough—the Londoner is gradually becoming broader-minded. He has of late years learned to speak more French than "Esker, garson," he reads his *Sketch* and knows the small talk of the Boulevards, and when I meet him in the theatres I find that he appreciates the play far more than he used to.

Amusements. For those readers of these lines who read them here in Paris there is no lack of excellent amusement—better, I think, than last year. The music-halls—the

Moulin Rouge, Folies-Bergères, Parisiana, and, if they want an English show, Alhambra—they will find for themselves. "Maman Colibri," at the Vaudeville, and "King Lear," at Antoine's, will interest those whose theatre-going is of the thinking kind. For those who want to laugh at plays which will before long, doubtless, be "adapted from the French," there is "Chiffon" at the Athénée, "Le Truc du Brésilien" at Cluny, and, best of all, "Madame L'Ordonnance" out at the Folies-Dramatiques; the Capucines and Mathurins have both of them good programmes; and, if you like your flesh to creep, there is the Grand Guignol and the Théâtre de l'Ambigu.

"Angels and Ministers of Grace Defend Us!" Strange are the happenings in Serbia, not to say ominous. Quite recently there was issued, amongst others, a new postage-stamp bearing the heads of King Peter and of Karageorge. Now comes the news that this has been withdrawn, and for a reason that will fascinate the believer in omens. It would appear that, when the stamp in question is held upside down, the outlines of the two heads seem to take the form of the death-mask of the murdered King Alexander, last of the Obrenovitch dynasty. Truly, a remarkable coincidence that might have much influence with a people prone to superstition.

A Telephone Message. A few weeks ago, a young man of Hackensack,

New Jersey, had occasion to go to Hoboken on business. Two days afterwards, a man was run over by a train at the latter place and horribly injured. The body was recognised as that of the man from Hackensack and was taken home for burial. Just as the funeral was starting, a message was brought to the widow that she was wanted on the telephone. She got out of the carriage, and was surprised to hear her husband speaking to her. He inquired, with some irritation, what was going on at his house, for he had just met a friend who told him that he was being buried at Hackensack, whereas, in reality, he was alive and perfectly well at Hoboken.



MISS MOLLIE LOWELL, PLAYING LADY CRYSTAL IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



THE PROBLEM OF THE MATINÉE-HAT SOLVED AT LAST.

Photographs by Brettell, Brooklyn.

TWO SCENES FROM THE DRAMATIC VERSION OF "PAGLIACCI," AT THE SAVOY.



Tonio (Mr. Gilbert Hare).

Canio (Mr. Charles Warner).

Nedda (Mrs. Brown-Potter).

TONIO PROVES TO CANIO THAT NEDDA, CANIO'S WIFE, HAS BEEN UNFAITHFUL TO HIM.



THE END OF THE PLAY: CANIO KILLS NEDDA ON THE STAGE.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I WAS pleased to see in a morning paper the weighty protest of a well-known physician against the Welsh revivalist movement and its prophets. It is a sad fact, but not to be controverted, that the revived ones are among the most neurotic of the earth, and consequently a considerable proportion will qualify, through revival, for the Asylums. I have a great respect for General Booth, but cannot help feeling that his arrival with full staff upon the scene does no more than help to make confusion worse confounded. To the full extent that the Welshmen wish to live better lives they are entitled to all commendation and assistance; but there is nothing incompatible with quietness in a godly life. If they can't live sanely without enveloping Wales in an atmosphere of hysteria, it would be better for the Principality that they should live as they did before. The class of people that is running amok through Wales just now is of the same calibre as the crowd that accompanied Profit Dowie when he made his abortive attempt to carry New York to Zion.

I read that we are threatened with a spread of the revival up to the gates of this great city. General Booth or one of his staff is reported to have said quite hopefully that such a contingency is by no means remote. Now we have a Sanitary Commission that watches the Port of London and holds cholera, plague, and other ills that threaten us in check. Is it too much to suggest that London requires a Sanity Commission too, one that might be entrusted with the task of protecting the Metropolis from incursions that threaten the city's mental health so seriously? On the hills of Wales, where people, despite occasional attacks of religious hysteria, live healthy, fresh-air lives, the noisiest Salvationist that ever banged drum or clashed cymbals cannot compass the harm that his less zealous brethren can do in a big town. Salvation is a two-edged weapon; one edge is opposed to Satan and his imps, the other works havoc among the mentally incomplete. The Salvation Army, reinforced by newly revived Welshmen, would constitute a danger to the Metropolis that would best be met by a Sanity Cordon stretched round Greater London. No man or woman should be admitted who could not undertake to work without raising the voice and using brass or percussion instruments.

The Europeans in Morocco. A worm will turn; so will a Sultan of Morocco. Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz, having been tricked and gulled by representatives of nearly all the European Powers, now sees his vast kingdom handed over to the

tender mercies of France after European negotiations with which he had nothing to do. So at last he has given notice to the Powers that he will dismiss the Europeans he employs on military or civil business in his capital, and will in future conduct his affairs without them. My morning paper indulges in a diatribe against the unfortunate young man for deciding at the eleventh hour to be master in his own house, but few Europeans who have followed the course of Morocco's history in the past decade will agree with this attitude. In fact, it is rather stimulating to see the ruler of Africa's last great independent kingdom

setting his back to the wall and saying to all Europe, "Come on!" If he chooses to curse the French and to proclaim a Jihad, or Holy War, the North of Africa will assume quite speedily a prominent place in the public interest.

My morning paper's description of recent events in the Hungarian Chamber must have turned certain patriots from the distressful country emerald-green with envy. Even if they had a House of Representatives in Dublin and a proper determination to express their opinions vigorously and without restraint, they could not hope to excel or even adequately to rival their brethren of Budapest. The Magyar patriots not only broke the House of Assembly to bits and carried away the wreckage after they had been photographed among the ruins; they returned to the refurbished Chamber on the following day fully armed and prepared to prove that they were not content to rely merely upon ink-bottles and paper-weights with which to enforce their arguments. It is certain that the patriots have grievances and that they are not inclined "to let I dare not wait upon I would." The Irish are in similar plight. They have been hardly used, and still hope, perhaps with justification, to see their own Parliament House on St. Stephen's Green. But, following the Budapest exhibition of brute force in politics,

they will be unable to provide for the entertainment of nations any spectacle worthy our serious attention. The Magyars have outclassed them.

Captain Klado. After the exploits of Commanders Hirose and Yezoc on behalf of Japan, the efforts of Captain Klado of the Russian Navy are not very striking. But Russia must do her best with such material as the gods provide. So Captain Klado, emerging from the decent obscurity in which he dwelt contented, threatens his country with one of the periods of unrest that follow the creation of heroes in seasons of intense popular excitement. Unless the Government recognises the gravity of the situation and sends him on a mission to a far country, he may yet lead demonstrations against the highly placed gentlemen who continue to fiddle while Holy Russia burns.



[DRAWN BY LOUIS WAIN.]

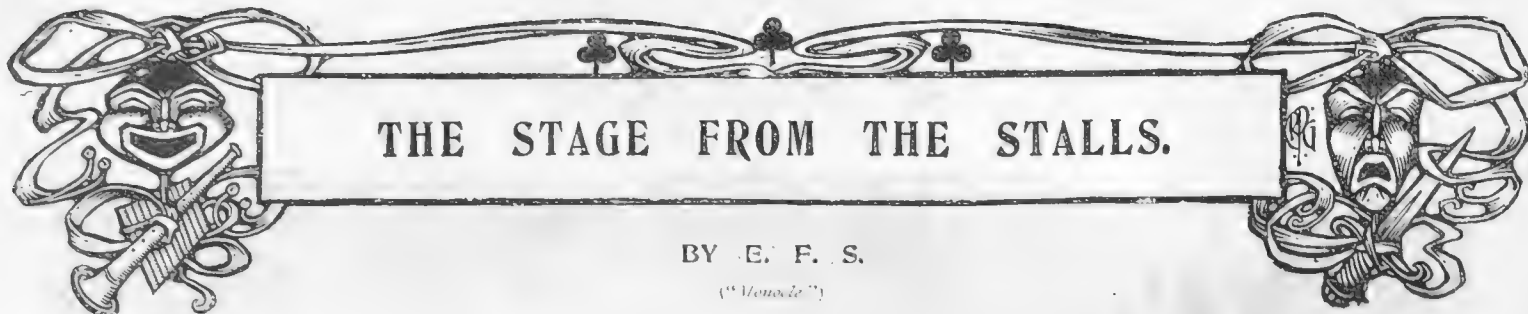
THE DÉBUTANTE.

THE QUEEN OF THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.



"PIERRETTE."

DRAWN BY CECIL QUINNELL.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle")

"LADY MADCAP" AND "THE POWER OF DARKNESS."

THE contrast between the two pieces produced in succession last week is quite remarkable. To see "Lady Madcap" and then "The Power of Darkness" on successive evenings is enough to disorient the critic. I should like to hear Tolstoy's opinion of the work by Messrs. Rubens and Newnham-Davis, an entertainment intended solely for hedonists ("heathens," I think he would say), making appeal only to the senses, not the sense, utterly contemptuous of the intellect, and also, naturally, of the soul. What a terrible curse he would have uttered concerning its picture of Society—or a sort of Society—in which a young lady of title and family falls in love with a private soldier, and, by means of lies enough to furnish the prospectus of a bogus Company, gets him into the house and down to the servants' hall, where she, passing herself off as a lady's-maid in order not to disconcert him, induces him to court her. Really, stated in such terms, the plot sounds as if it were that of a realistic moral German drama which might be admired by the Russian apostle. Of course, the impression is utterly wrong. Her Ladyship is presented as a charming, high-spirited girl of a romantic nature and great powers of diplomacy, the private soldier is, in fact (or fiction), a millionaire in disguise, and the intentions of everybody are strictly honourable, except, indeed, in the case of a bogus millionaire and his confederate, who are kicked out in the end. Up to the first fall of the curtain the plot of "Lady Madcap" is quite unusually consistent (perhaps our thanks are due to the talented pen of Mr. Newnham-Davis for this) and the house was interested in the intrigue and characters as well as delighted by everything else. Then came a change, so far as plot was concerned; chaos was substituted for system and form disappeared. However, one may consider what is, perhaps a semi-official utterance in a critique: "There yet remain a vast number of late-diners for whom a second Act, well packed with musical numbers, is of more account than a story carried through on the old, legitimate lines." Possibly the plot may echo a famous epitaph: "If so early I am done for, what on earth was I begun for?" The murder is out: the late-diners must not be worried and injure their digestions by wondering what the plot is about, though they must concede the last five minutes of the evening to the early-diners who want to see the intrigue finished off—in the usual summary fashion. No one should treat as a fault the amorphous aspect of the second Act: it is a merit, an obedience to the laws of being of the drama.

It is hard to say which Act was received with the greater favour, for both had a triumph. An encore was demanded of almost every number, and in half-a-dozen cases insisted upon. I think the audience would have been delighted if the G. P. Huntley scenes had been twice as long; laughter was almost continuous during them, and a number of people, particularly, I fancy, the late-diners, will be conjugating the verb "to buttle"—formed from the word "butler," like "to burgle" in the case of Mr. Gilbert's piece—as the finest joke of the season. The mention of Mr. Gilbert's name makes one think of the workmanship of his verses, compared with which the new lyrics suggest "the butter-woman's rank to market," but no one cares about technique in such matters, and "I love you in velvet," "Love me, love my dog," "The Boot and the Beetle," as well as half-a-dozen others, will run round the town. Why a song sung well enough by Mr. Fitzgerald about Moses in the dark was hissed I cannot tell.

Mr. Rubens' music has plenty of lively tunes, and some of his numbers are graceful and contain pleasing sentimental passages. One does not expect real melodies or distinction in treatment, but we had just the smartness and rattle, with the occasional turn to simple prettiness, that fitted the style of the book. A quite excellent

performance was given. Miss Amy Augarde was full of animation as "Lady Madcap," and gave full point to her songs, Miss Delia Mason sang charmingly, whilst Miss Eva Sandford, rather less lucky in her material, gave capital aid as singer, actress, and dancer. Of dancing, by the way, there is a minimum quantity, alas! Do the late-diners object to dancing? Among the men it is Huntley (G. P.) first with the audience and the rest a long way behind; he Huntlies—

perhaps I may coin the word—with prodigious success, and if a curmudgeon of a critic does not think him very clever and vastly amusing, so much the worse for the curmudgeon. Mr. Farkoah had a great success and won several encores by his very clever but rather too exuberant singing. Mr. J. E. Fraser rendered the best song of the piece, "It's a way we have in the Army," in excellent style.

To "The Power of Darkness" I turn with some apprehension. Here was no pretty entertainment with gorgeous scenery, lovely dresses and galaxies of beauty, aided by luscious music, with "Kreutzer Sonata" danger in it, all for delight of hedonists and late-diners, but grim, fierce drama, hideous at times and only permitting very rarely some rays of spiritual grace to illumine it. Moreover, instead of running smoothly, like "Lady Madcap," it suffered from a catastrophe, since that very able actress, Miss May Harvey, after struggling against illness in the chief woman's character, had to retire at the end of the second Act, and, though Miss Italia Conti accomplished a remarkable *tour de force* in her clever reading of the part,

the play suffered cruelly. Moreover, the translation by Louise and Aylmer Maude seemed very crude—indeed, it gave the impression of an uncorrected draft. Yet those who sat out the play, which, owing to accidents, no doubt amended after the first-night, lasted almost till midnight, were deeply impressed, for out of what seemed at first a brutal story of lust and murder emerged, a little obscurely, a strong, moving drama of the awakening of the soul of Nikita, the sensual peasant whose part was superbly acted by Mr. Lyall Swete. We had to pay for our pleasure, perhaps a quite incorrect term, by minutes, even quarters-of-an-hour, of dull, almost repulsive, drama, some of the most thrilling moments of which, owing to the accidents of the evening, had little of their real force.

On the other hand, though the two chief women seemed to belong to melodrama, there were some remarkable studies of character, such as in the case of the orphan girl ruined by Nikita—Miss Callista Marvin rendered the part beautifully—or the curious old peasant with an intermittent mania for drink, given in admirable style, and in one scene with strange power, by Mr. O. B. Clarence. Over all, despite a tactless, unfortunate style of speech and acting, which, though clever, lacked spirituality, there was the subdued but dominating figure of the humble, godly old labourer, Akim, in whom one perceives the voice of the author crying out to the audience as well as to the characters who regard him as a fool, although his halting words arouse the soul of Nikita. An analysis of the play, which is printed and within reach of all readers, would require space inadmissible here. Everything connected with it is difficult and doubtful, and even its suitability for performance will be questioned, notwithstanding the beauty of some scenes, such as one admirably acted by little Miss Dorothy Minto and Mr. O. B. Clarence. I ought to have mentioned Miss Eily Malyon, who gave an admirable character-study. To me, despite the depressing effect of the earlier passages and somewhat brutal horror of the middle, the drama appears clearly to have a greatness that renders it deeply, strangely, and painfully interesting, and by giving it the Incorporated Stage Society has rendered another valuable service to drama.



THE "PETER PAN" POSTER, DESIGNED BY LITTLE MASTER NICHOLSON AT THE AGE OF SEVEN.

(SEE PAGE 370.)

LONDON'S NEW PLAYHOUSE: INTERIOR OF THE SCALA THEATRE.

(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")



[*Photograph by Gale and Polden, Amen Corner, E.C.*]

THE SCALA THEATRE HAS BEEN ERECTED UPON THE SITE OF THE OLD PRINCE OF WALES'S, THE LITTLE HOUSE OFF TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD IN WHICH THE BANCROFTS MADE THEIR FIRST JOINT MANAGERIAL APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC. THIS VIEW SHOWS THE ROYAL BOX AND THE STAIRCASE LEADING FROM THE STALLS TO THE DRESS-CIRCLE.



MISS ELIZABETH FIRTH, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS DOLLIE HANBURY, GENERALLY KNOWN AS "THE CHICAGO BELLE"

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.



III.

"BRIDGE. TWO AMERICAN LADIES WOULD GIVE INSTRUCTION. FULLY EXPERIENCED."

Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.



IV.

"LADY IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES REQUIRES SITUATION—TOTAL ABSTAINER—OR WOULD TRAVEL."

FROCKS AND FRILLS: SOME BEAUTIES OF THE PARISIAN STAGE.



MADAME DE MARQUISET.



MDLLE. POUZOL ST. PHAR.



MDLLE. MARIANI.



MDLLE. SYLVIAC.



MADAME VERRIER.



MDLLE. GENIAT.

Photographs by Boyer, Paris.

FROCKS AND FRILLS: SOME BEAUTIES OF THE PARISIAN STAGE.



MDLLE. VINCOURT.
Photograph by Nadar, Paris.



MADAME DULUC.
Photograph by Nadar, Paris.



MDLLE. BIGNON.
Photograph by Nadar, Paris.



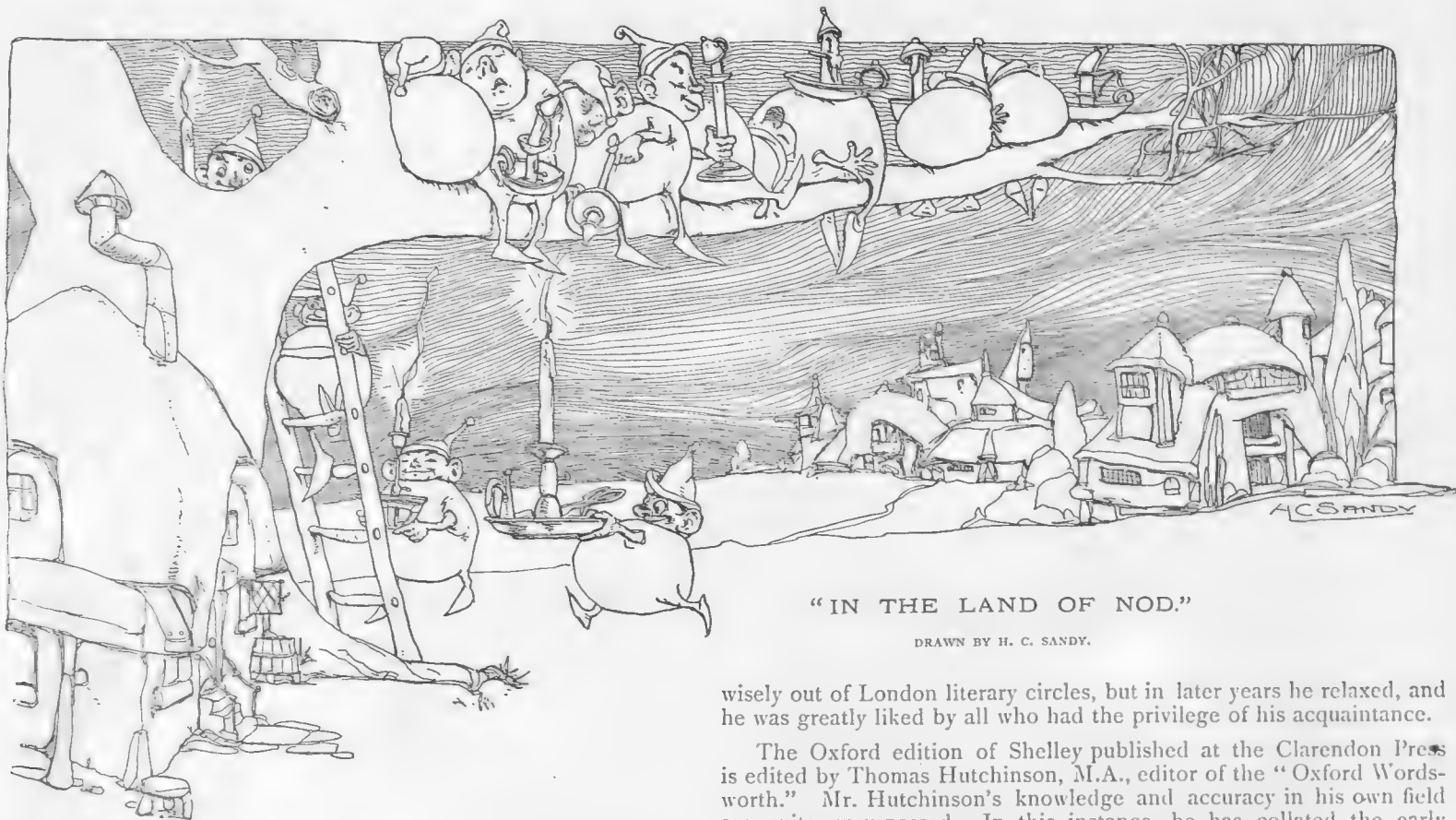
MDLLE. DESOMBREUSE.
Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier, Paris.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have published "Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley," with an Introductory Note by the Rev. John Gray.

Mr. Gray in his preface explains that Beardsley in his last days submitted to the Catholic Church. In the midst of his brilliant career came the shock of a first hemorrhage of the lungs, and the cloud began to gather which meant death in the end. In Mr. Gray's view the letters dating from that period rank in the first order of scientific documents. "Sickness seems to do what nothing else could. What appears to the observer is the gradual humiliation of the physical economy being accompanied by the proportionate emancipation of the spiritual. It is a spectacle so moving, the reduction of a coarse brute to a frank-eyed youth, the renascence of a gentle-souled factory-girl, supposed to have been long ago drowned in drink and gone for ever, from the wreck of a wild virago, that in presence of it the words tuberculosis, cancer, and even the euphemistic G.P. cease to curdle the blood." There may be difference of opinion as to the taste of all this, but it is fair to say that Mr. Gray does not claim that his principle applies in its full strength to Aubrey Beardsley.

various interests and accomplishments, and he started at full strength. Both were alike in their minute and engrossing interest in all the forms and expressions of the literary life. Both had the dignity of their position and could maintain their aloofness when it suited them. But it was alike their business and their pleasure to know everything. Hepworth Dixon left the *Athenæum* in a very powerful position, and the best compliment that can be paid to McColl was that he sensibly strengthened that position. No competition did anything to affect the supremacy of the *Athenæum* as the leading literary journal of the country. McColl introduced many new contributors—notably, Watts-Dunton—and the old band who served Dixon well, De Morgan, John Bruce, Dr. Doran, H. F. Chorley, Walter Thorbury, and Westland Marston, gradually passed away. But the old tone of the paper was still maintained—its authority, its suspicion of new writers, its occasional unfairness, its reluctance to admit mistakes. But, along with these, the care and competence which always distinguished it were still in evidence, while perhaps more of the reviews gave evidence of being written by specialists. For many years Mr. McColl kept himself



"IN THE LAND OF NOD."

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

When we turn to the letters, it is impossible not to be disappointed. There are many like this—

MY DEAREST BROTHER,—It will be quite charming to dine with you this evening. We will be with you at seven o'clock. I look forward much to hearing of your adventures at Langeais.—With much love, yours very affectionately,
AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

There are comparatively few allusions to books, and most of these are sufficiently childish: "I wonder what a picture of mine to 'Esther Waters' would be like? How charming of George Moore to say that I should do it well!" "Thank you so much for 'Claude Lorraine' and 'The Island of Dr. Moreau.' The latter is certainly a horrible affair, and very well set forth." "The 'Gaston de Latour' has given me great pleasure." "If 'Cecilia' is a tenth part as good as 'Evelina,' it must be a capital book." There are better bits, such as: "I have just been reading a Port Royalist version of St. Augustine's Confessions. I am quite astonished at what he says about beauty and the use of the eyes." The personal references have a certain sad interest. Beardsley died at Mentone, and happily he loved the place. On Nov. 29, 1897, he writes that he is prospering "in this wonderful sunshine," that the pains in his lungs have left him, and his cough is much less troublesome. He lived till March 16, 1898, when he passed away in his twenty-sixth year.

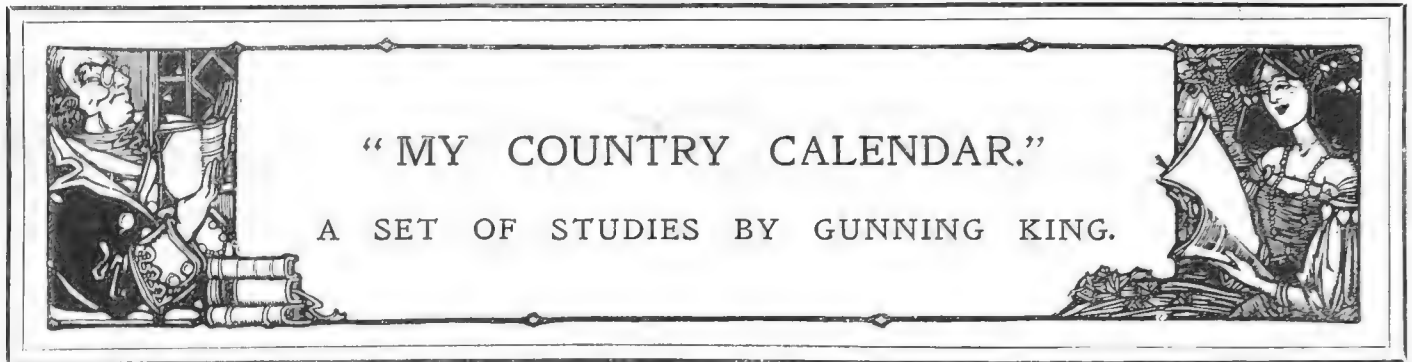
Mr. Norman McColl, who was for many years the editor of the *Athenæum*, had for some years retired from his laborious post, but he kept himself well in touch with the society he loved and with the paper to which he had given his best strength and thought. His death, therefore, makes a distinct blank. Between Mr. McColl and his predecessor, Hepworth Dixon, there was an extraordinary contrast. Hepworth Dixon climbed the steep way step by step, beginning with the editorship of a Cheltenham paper and without any advantages of education. McColl, on the other hand, was a Cambridge man of

wisely out of London literary circles, but in later years he relaxed, and he was greatly liked by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance.

The Oxford edition of Shelley published at the Clarendon Press is edited by Thomas Hutchinson, M.A., editor of the "Oxford Wordsworth." Mr. Hutchinson's knowledge and accuracy in his own field are quite unsurpassed. In this instance, he has collated the early editions, and subjoined important variations in the notes. He is scarcely so conservative as Mr. Buxton Forman, and, like that eminent authority, he has found it necessary to amend Shelley's punctuations. Shelley was neither very accurate nor always consistent in his spelling, and Mr. Hutchinson has done well to discard his eccentricities in this kind. The editor has reprinted in full Mrs. Shelley's notes in the two editions of 1839. He refers to Miss Mathilde Blind's admirable article in the *Westminster Review* for 1870, and pays a very high compliment to the work of Mr. Buxton Forman, whose name "has been securely linked for all time to Shelley's." The poet's grandson, Mr. C. E. J. Esdaile, has given permission to include the early poems first printed in Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley*. They are not intrinsically valuable, but they help to make the book complete.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti has edited for the "Golden Treasury Series" a selection from the poems of his famous sister, Christina (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.). Mr. Rossetti is, beyond doubt, a most loyal brother, but as the editor of Dante and Christina Rossetti he deserves little but the severest condemnation. It will hardly be believed that, after the preface to this book, he actually appends five pages of extracts from Press criticisms which appeared to him "to be imbued with a full share of critical intelligence." Among these are notices from the *Montrose Standard*, the *Sydney Bulletin*, and the *East Anglian Daily Times*. Every educated person, with the single exception of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, knows that his sister's reputation is beyond the reach of critics great and small. It is one of the most firmly secured of the nineteenth century, and the lack of sense and dignity shown in these quotations is truly astounding. They are positively a disfigurement to the book, and it is hoped they will not appear in another edition. The selection of poems is fairly good, but it could not be bad. Christina Rossetti fell rarely below her high level. Still, there are poems which one is sorry to miss, and it may be hoped that the work will be done again in a more satisfactory fashion.

O. O.



"SPRING."

"MY COUNTRY CALENDAR."



"SUMMER."



"AUTUMN."



"WINTER."

DOCTORS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



"THEY can't tell me nothin' 'bout fevers," said Father William, decisively, "seein' as I've 'ad 'em all, many's th' time, an' likewise ague. An' I'm some vexed to see 'em take on 'bout an ole fever like as if it mattered, an' so I said to th' doctor. An' I knows more 'bout this parish nor 'e, as I told 'im

quite strite, an' 'e couldn't deny ut." This violent protest was made the other evening, as I tried to pass the cottage on my way home. There is an outbreak of scarlet-fever in Maychester, the school is closed, and the doctor is having a very anxious time. A hospital-nurse from Market Waldron is helping the sorely tried mothers, and her work is made doubly hard by the reluctance of these good women to admit that their children have anything worse than a cold. So I felt it was my duty, so far as in me lay, to explain general principles of health-preservation to Father William. He sat in his arm-chair and surveyed me with scorn and contempt.

"I doubt ye count it summat to be able to gie me a lot o' long words what don't mean nothin'," he said, severely; "but I was old enough to be y'r gran'father's fore ye was born, an' older still fore ye never come into these parts. An' I seed many a fever, more nor that gre't young fool of a doctor 'll cure, as I told 'im wery sharp like. Why, this arternoon there come a young woman down th' road, an' she wore a wunnerful smart cap tied unner 'er chin, an' a right clean apron, an' I sez to her, 'Good-day, Miss. Do ye come in an' 'ave a chat wi' a pore ole man what all the parish respects, 'cos 'e's done 'is duty by 'em.'

"An' she sez, 'I can't stop now, Father William; I'm jest a-goin' from one bad case to another,' she sez. An' I tells 'er, 'Do ye don't go to they nasty ole cases at all,' I sez; 'but come an' sit by me fire, an' I'll gie ye th' tea an' do ye make a cup o' tea for both on us,' I said. But she sez, 'Another time, Father William,' an' went down th' road in a 'urry. An' I were 'mazin' sorry she didn't stop.'

"Well, you see, there are forty fever cases in the village," I explained, "and the nurse is looking after them."

"Stuff an' nonsense!" cried the veteran, testily. "Do ye don't come tellin' me these things, seein' I've 'ad most every fever what there is, an' some what there ain't, too—leastways, th' old parish doctors what's gone couldn't cure 'em. An' there ain't no 'arm in fevers, or I'd ha' been dead, 'stead o' th' oldest man in th' parish."

"It's the children that are worst off just now," I said; "there are only a few cases among the grown people."

"Th' more ye 'elp me, an' no mistake," resumed Father William, as he twitched the red shawl and stirred the fire. "Everybody knows that it's mothers what looks arter children, an' not doctors nor nurses neither. I don't 'member any doctor what come to see we when we was children, an' yet there was five or six on us died fore we was ten. I can't 'member exactly th' number, seein' it's so long ago. An' I lost most all me own children, an' they'd ha' been a fine lot if so be they'd ha' growed, as ye can see for y'rself by lookin' at the sergeant what's on the mantelpiece. I'd ha' made all on 'em p'licemen if so be they'd lived. But I never didn't 'ave no doctors to 'em, nor nurses neither. An' me neighbours didn't."

"Perhaps they'd have saved some if they'd sent for the doctor," I said.

"Tain't likely," rejoined Father William.

"Them what's got to die dies, an' them what's got to live can't die, not if ye buried 'em. I've learned that tendin' me

sheepses, and they're jest the same as children, an' I never took no doctor to they."

"I've looked 'mong me lambs," continued Father William, solemnly, "an' I've seed they what couldn't ha' thrived, not nohow. An', contrariwise, I've seed they what'd grow into 'mazin' fine ship an' fetch fifty shillin' mebbe. An' it's th' same wi' children. I've seed them what was allus pinin' an' couldn't eat their wittles, an' I've know'd they'd be took; an' I've seed them what'd eat amazin' an' allus be sharp set, an' I've know'd they'd thrive. I didn't never want no doctor, nor no nurse neither, to tell me. Why, th' Lord bless me—an' I've earned 'is blessin', as everybody knows, an' got it, too, bein' in me ninety, an' all them what were contrary wi' me dead and buried—" Here he paused for wind, but clung to his thoughts as tenaciously as a ferret to a rabbit. "Th' Lord bless me, I've know'd when men and women was goin' to be took; aye, an' told 'em of it. An' yet I weren't no doctor an' nobody pide me f'r to tell 'em."

"There was ole Jack Martin—'im what swore terrible, as I've often told ye," Father William went on. "'E were took wery bad, an' 'ad th' doctor, an' I went to see 'im, bein' neighbourly like. 'You look some ill,' I sez to 'im, 'an' I count th' drink's broke ye at last.' 'That it ain't,' 'e sez, obstinit like; 'the doctor sez I'm stronger nor I was.'

"'Then 'e's a liar,' I sez, 'for ye ain't. I can see ye'll soon be took.' An' he were. An' there's others what I've warned," continued the amiable old man, "an', if so be ye'll go down to th' churchyard, ole John Bates, what rings th' bell, will show where all on 'em lies, and that'll prove I've told ye th' truth. I've been 'most as good as a doctor to 'em, an' all f'r nothin'."

"Then you don't think much of doctors, Father William?" I suggested.

"That's the wery truest thing I've 'eard ye say since ye come to these parts," he replied. "Why, I've know'd four parish doctors what meddled an' muddled 'bout Maychester, an' they're all dead 'cept one what went up to Lunnon an' never come back. Nasty, interferin' folk they be, all on 'em, what comes into Maychester an' expects to learn it in five minutes. Thinks they knows better nor a poor ole man what's been a good friend to everybody all these years. When folk come down th' road, I asks 'em in, if so be they deserve it, an' they tells me what's goin' on. They allus used to do it, but now th' doctor sez they ain't to call, 'cos o' the fever, and they passes me door like as it were bolted. I tell 'em I've 'ad th' fever an' all th' better for ut; but they jest go on, an' dussn't come in because o' th' doctor, drat 'im!

"There were that young woman this arternoon," continued the aged man, looking up, and fixing me with eyes that seemed to be many years younger than the head that held them, "I count she'd ha' been some pleased to come in an' sit wi' a man what knows all about fevers an' could gie her good advice. It'd ha' done good to th' work, an' I count th' doctor told 'er not to come an' see me special."

"But why should he do such a thing as that?" I asked.

"'Cos 'e's a fool an' 'e knows I know ut," explained Father William. "But, do ye mark, I ain't goin' to let 'im escape. I'll sit by me door to-morrow morn' o' th' day, an' I'll tell 'er all 'bout 'im soon as she passes. I don't speak ill o' none o' me neighbours, but I've got me rights an' I'll stand on they."

A LESSON IN MODERATION.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



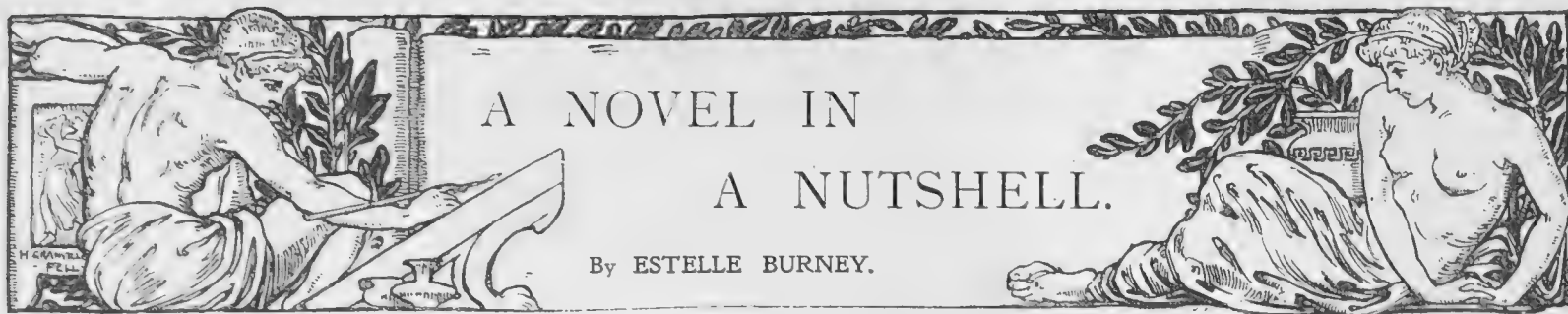
TEARFUL CHILD : Daddy, Bobbie called me a pig ! It's a lie, isn't it !

CAREFUL FATHER : Well, darling, we'll call it an exaggeration.

A LESSON IN MODERATION.—By JOHN HASSALL.



"THERE GOES MY PIPE! HOW UNFORTUNATE!"



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

By ESTELLE BURNEY.

THE MAN WHO FEARED HELL.

We're poor little lambs who have lost our way—
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who have gone astray—
Baa—aa—aa!
Gentlemen Rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God have mercy on such as we—
Baa! Yah! Bah!—RUDYARD KIPLING.

SEATON CAREW, it was said of him, had the head of a gargoyle, such as may be found wrought into the stones of many an old-world cathedral: a legacy, these quaint images of beings in torment, from the great sculptors of mediæval times, who worked by faith, evoking from the shades and as a dread lesson to living men the awful faces of the everlastingly damned.

To those who knew of Carew in his public character only, as the man of letters, the wit, the humourist, the fancied resemblance might have made no appeal; but none could have looked into his lined and furrowed visage when he talked of his damnation to come but must have felt themselves to be there, in the very presence of a lost soul! That his life, comprising every variety of fortune, had been evil, was matter of history.

Dark stories clung to him of men ruined, of women deceived, of youth led astray, and of wife and children left, somewhere in the background, to starve. Rumour had it that his career was begun as an officer in a Guards Regiment, and it is certain he came of a good family no member of which was ever known to utter his name.

There were those who remembered him in the early 'sixties as a prosperous theatrical manager, and at least three brilliant and some half-a-dozen quite passable Society novels, at one time much in demand, had come from his pen; but, alike in success as in adversity, he would choose the crooked path: indeed, the inveterate optimist who is prepared to exclaim with David that, having lived long in the land, he has never yet seen the wicked prosper, could not but have felt grateful to Carew for furnishing him with so apt an illustration to one of his nice, moral, little theories.

Seaton Carew, in fact, was neither more nor less of a rogue when life smiled upon him than when, in later days—a younger generation of gentlemen who live by their wits having arisen to elbow the older bird to the wall—he was to be met haunting the Strand in threadbare coat and down-at-heel and horribly in want of a shilling.

Men said of him that he must have been a bad egg from the first, and to this opinion he himself inclined and was ever ready to curse, with the grim humour that was part of him, the father who had begotten him and the mother who had borne him. And it may safely be assumed that at all times the shame and discredit attaching to him publicly gave but an imperfect measure of the rottenness within to be gauged in its completeness of himself alone. But, if we are all prepared on general grounds to confess ourselves miserable sinners, it is probable that the vast majority of men and women, in every age, have thought upon a future state of punishment as awaiting rather their erring neighbours than themselves.

Carew was singular in this, that, while he judged no man, he regarded himself as without the pale of forgiveness. Degenerate offspring of a God-fearing race, he knew no doubts of Divine judgment, he had only forgotten Divine mercy. And the unchanging belief in his irrevocable doom of this man, who could read Kant and Hegel in the original and who was steeped to the lips in modern thought, was a state of feeling defying alike both reason and argument.

"Good God!" he would exclaim, in answer to the easy exponent of twentieth-century materialism; "but if I dared hope even for a moment in annihilation, I should blow out my brains where I stand."

But the hope was denied to him. "There is a Hell and you are going to Hell," whispered the inner voice that would not be silenced. And the Hell of Carew's waking hours, as of his haunted nights, was a place of anguish unthinkable.

No tears were there for opportunities missed; no bitter, unavailing heartache of tardy remorse; but a madness of devil-invented torture, where, in an agony undreamt of by humans, poor human flesh would writhe and twist itself in ceaseless torment and in all the unimaginable horror of Eternity. Small wonder was it then if Seaton Carew, old, shameful, and very weary, yet prayed for life, thankful of the respite that left him in his living misery, but saved him for a brief space from the awaiting flames. And long before the last stage was reached Carew had dropped out of the sight and knowledge of men into oblivion all but final.

Here and there, perhaps, some belated reveller, making his homeward way through London streets at midnight, and surprised into recognition of the slinking form that flitted by him in the darkness, would remember the awful story. "On his way to Hell," the passer-by would comment, as he turned to look after the vanishing shade; "on his way to Hell. God help the man, but he is in Hell now!"

And a like reflection on his unhappy case may well have stirred in Carew's own breast when he found himself, one storm-swept night in the early part of the year, homeless. Soaked through to the skin in the icy rains of March and the sport of its raging gales, he was adrift on the pavements and without a penny. By what devious means, indeed, he had thus far managed to keep body and soul together it was not easy to understand, but it looked as if the end were come.

"Double pneumonia for me to-morrow, and I shan't stand twenty-four hours of it," he diagnosed of himself.

But, even as the worn frame cried out for rest, the old terror had him in its grip, and, craving death, he still prayed for life—life that would leave him a little longer, just a little longer, to the burden of his intolerable days.

A dry corner—could not the un pitying heavens give so much? And he had blundered up against the desired haven while he had still to realise that he was off the path and had wandered into a maze of bricks and mortar and dizzy scaffoldings. A block of new buildings in process of construction, and, within reach of his hand, a door that must lead, it was not doubtful, into some place of shelter.

Carew struck a match—last and most opportune yield of his emptied pockets—and good fortune had presently put him into possession of a more serviceable illuminant. Having made his way into what turned out to be a cellar some eight feet square, he found, in the midst of a litter of wood-shavings, intermixed with brushes and pots of turps and paint, a candle, part-consumed and of tallow, and thrust into the neck of an old ginger-beer bottle.

"I'm in luck to-night," soliloquised Carew, as he took rapid stock of his surroundings, and was immediately conscious of the narrow escape he had had of finding himself in an awkward fix. For, if the contents of the hiding-place, and he saw that they further included a brazier, extinct, but part full of charcoal, were not of a nature to tempt thieving fingers, it was clear that all had been left to the safe keeping of the heavily-fashioned door that worked on a spring, and might, indeed, have proved a danger-trap to the unwary; for this door, in its unfinished condition, was to be opened and, by a rough and ready contrivance, on the outside only, swinging back again—if allowed to do so—into its fastenings, when it would then present to the inside of the cellar a perfectly smooth surface, bidding defiance to any effort of bare hands to force it ajar.

But Carew—and, in the circumstances, it seemed but an irony the more—was not of the unwary, nor had all the humiliations of all the dishonoured years been suffered to blot out wholly the alertness of mind that was his birthright. From the first he had seen to it that a safe retreat into the open in case of necessity was assured to him, and he now made haste, by the skilful arrangement of half-a-dozen bricks within the doorway, to secure himself against all possible chance of an imprisonment that must have been, he was quick to recognise the fact, at the least a trying experience, and, Sunday intervening, rescue by the early workmen of Monday morning could not have been looked for under some thirty hours.

"But I might have been asphyxiated," said Carew to himself, as he observed, in a final tour of inspection, that the cellar drew its full complement of air through the door, and that his candle, once placed out of reach of the draught from the entrance, burnt steadily and without a flicker. And he determined that he would leave it burning; it was company on such a night and in the enveloping gloom.

What risk did he run? Of discovery by the lynx-eyed policeman on his round and in despite of the warring elements? Carew, sceptic enough in matters mundane, had but small belief in that policeman, and he knew himself, moreover, to be off the beaten track.

Bounded East and West by the British Museum and the Tottenham Court Road respectively, but giving on to no main thoroughfare, the passage in which the buildings stood was as unfrequented a spot as could have been discovered in the great city between midnight and one a.m. And supposing that some derelict, lost like himself in the storm, were to be attracted by the glimmering light into covert—well, of his fellow-creatures in misfortune Carew was not afraid, and, so far, he would take his chance. So that he fell asleep quite comfortably

curled up among the wood-shavings, and secure in the hope of waking on the morrow into a world of misery, of hostile faces, of aching limbs, of gnawing hunger, and of unslaked thirst, but into a world of the living.

And he awoke, gasping for air, an hour or so later; but of the lapse of time he was, at first, unable to take count, and he lay for a while as one but newly emerged from the delirium of a long illness and who looks on at a scene the full meaning of which as yet escapes his enfeebled senses. Facing Carew, a boy, ragged and barefoot and aged about seven years, warmed himself at a fire of charcoal.

"So he has managed to light it again, the little beggar," thought Carew, vaguely uneasy but in instant sympathy with the small vagabond whose white and wizened face shone happily in the glow of the brazier. For here was the one green spot remaining in the man's withered nature—a tenderness for childhood. And this notwithstanding—alas! perhaps, because of—the ghostly memories of children abandoned in the dreadful past.

But it was a real sympathy, that would urge him, for instance, coming unawares upon a group of urchins at their play, to shuffle to one side, lest his disturbing presence should interfere with a promising game of tipcat, and that would keep him lingering at street-corners where diminutive maidens danced to the strains of the barrel-organ, or even lure him at times into a good-humoured interchange of chaff with the young Arab who ventured to draw him—an encounter out of which he never came second-best, being certain to leave his opponent, when he passed on his way, stricken dumb with admiration of a wit the youngster might envy but must not hope to emulate.

"That's the type," decided Carew, as the dulled mind within him beginning to stir awakened in its train the observer of men and one who knew his London backwards. "Yes, that's the type," he summed up, with quick insight. "Small boy, belongs to no one and springs from nowhere, is at hand to 'call the gint'l man a 'ansom'—what time the theatres are emptying into the London streets; sells Sunday papers when he's in luck, and is copped by the police when there's nothing doing."

And now Carew, that he might the better be enabled to see, was raising himself, with pained effort, into a sitting position. But what was the weight that oppressed him, while his head swam to distraction?

Phew! but it was close. "Air, air!" he gasped. And, surely—yes, the face of the child was blurred as if seen through a veil of smoke. Smoke! Smoke filling the cellar! Ah, God in Heaven, the door! And, with a cry that startled his poor little fellow-prisoner into awful apprehension, Carew had flung himself against the door. But, as he picked with shaking fingers at its smooth surface, and beat with horrid thuds of his whole body upon its stubborn frame, he knew his fate.

The deserted neighbourhood, the fury of the storm without that must deaden all cries, and, though help were at hand, no nook or cranny that might betray the flickering light within and bring rescue. And he had raged round the cellar in impotent searchings and was back again at the door while he thought and thought and thought, with a brain restored, in his dire need, to all its old-time vigour, upon every means and device for escape, and found no one at all possible.

To overturn the brazier and to stifle its fumes! That was an idea, and again he had faced about and was gazing wildly at the glowing coals. Yes; but how to stifle the fumes—not a rag or fragment of woollen within reach. Far more likely, indeed, that in the litter of shavings and the confusion of inflammable painting-materials lying about the whole place would be set alight. And the crowning vision of himself, aflame and caught as a rat in a trap, put the finishing touch to the man's growing madness.

It seemed to his overwrought fancy as if he must step, living, as from one room into the next, from out of this earthly Hell into that other. And, as he shook with horror as with an ague, reason tottered—another second and it must have fled altogether, leaving him to rave and to foam at the mouth and to bite the dust, when he remembered the boy. "Oh, the poor kid—the poor, poor kid!" he murmured helplessly. And, as he peered through the rapidly thickening haze at the cowering form and at the piteous, blanched face now lifted in mute appeal to his, Carew felt to the depths of his darkened soul the mighty claim of the innocent to protection.

It was the one appeal that could have reached him to where his spirit hovered on the borderland of insanity, but it did reach him and it brought him slowly back to manhood. For he had seen in the boy's face that most heart-rending of sights to the lover of children—fear in the eyes of a child.

"What are you afraid of?" he questioned, abruptly.

And from out the gloom came the answer, in quavering, childish accents: "You!"

And Carew, putting out an arm, drew the lad to him. "Afraid of me, are you?" he went on; and his voice hissed from between his parched lips as he wrestled with himself for the mastery of his shattered nerves.

"Afraid of me?" he repeated, and now his twisted mouth was striving to fix itself into a smile; "but I should say that the boot was on the other leg. You're in my bedroom; yer young varmint, what d'ye want here, eh?"

"I seed the light and I made for it," answered the boy, as he wriggled himself free of Carew's grasp. "I thought you'd left the door open o' purpose for callers," he added.

"And you found the door open. Oh, my God, I did leave it

open!" wailed Carew. "And—and you let it slam to again by mistake; but the bricks—there were bricks?"

"I kicked 'em away, o' course," returned the child. "What's the use o' lighting a fire if you leave yer street-door open on a night like this? I kicked away the bricks and I shut the door, o' course."

"He kicked away the bricks," echoed Carew, and he heard himself laugh, while he felt Death stir and move at the back of him, and the very hair upon his head rose; but he said no word, and in silence he and the child looked each other in the eyes.

For of the peril in which they both stood, the boy, it was obvious, had not a notion. He was a very small boy, with an acquaintance beyond his years of the ways of a wicked world; but there were some things still outside of his experience, and this was of them—that prolonged confinement for any living creature within the deadly atmosphere of burning charcoal meant death, and, half-frozen as he was, the close warmth of the partially exhausted air was for the moment not unpleasing.

"And, oh, the poor kid—the poor kid!" this was the burden of Carew's thoughts, and his own breath came in ever shorter gasps, and his temples beat and throbbed as with a ceaseless hammering. For there was no way out of it; again and again he went over the ground and he knew their plight to be a hopeless one. And all the while he stood like a statue, and held himself as with a grip of iron, afraid to speak lest his voice should break from him in horrid, uncontrollable screaming.

And still he gazed at the boy. "I've got to keep him from growing afraid, that's what I've got to do," Carew told himself; "to keep him from growing afraid, poor kid, until kindly sleep has taken him by the hand and led him forth into the dark valley; and how am I going to do it?" muttered the man, in his agony.

"And what's your name?" he inquired, at last.

"Sam Wood, that's my name," replied the child.

"And you've got a home?" pursued Carew.

"O' sorts," replied Sam, adding the further information that his home contained a grandmother, who was safe, moreover, to "giv' 'im a 'idin'" for this when she caught him. But, on reflection, he presumed that the "'idin' 'ud keep"; he had dodged a few in his time.

It would keep, thought Carew, to All Eternity. And he heard the rush and murmur of the wind without, as it shook the scaffoldings and played through the empty buildings, and he knew that it was but the wind that shrieked and whistled in the living world that lay on the other side of the door; but he dared not turn his head, and heated fancy drew pictures for him of ghostly multitudes in waiting who gibbered among themselves, and spoke his name, and waited and waited for him—Carew.

"And I say, look 'ere," broke in Sam at this point, "why can't yer lie down and go to sleep again—same as I found you?"

For Sam, somewhat reassured on the score of his companion, and satisfied that Carew, at least, meant him no harm, was yet of opinion that the poor old boy had a tile loose and required careful handling.

For answer, Carew, settling himself, Turk fashion, on the floor, drew the child on to his knee.

"And now," whispered the man, and the sweat stood on his brow in great beads, and he fought for breath and prayed for sleep that would close the boy's eyes; "and now," he faltered, "catch hold of my hand, grip it hard, and we'll talk."

And Sam talked, while Carew put leading questions and alternately chaffed and teased the lad until the latter laughed out in delight at his new-found friend's wit and humour.

"And, if my jokes are not of the first water," reflected Carew, in self-criticism, since the ruling passion was strong in death, "they amuse the house, and that is all that is required of them."

For to keep the child amused and happy, this was the task to which Carew set himself in the last hour of his wretched life, so heroic in its ending that within the cellar where Death waited may well have waited likewise, and eager with new hopes, the man's all-but-despairing Guardian Angel.

And ever and again Carew asked if Sam were frightened, and explained, by the same occasion, that there was nothing at all to be frightened about. For well he knew, this man who knew so many things, that no child is truly afraid until it sees fear in the face of a grown-up, and that while he, Carew, kept his head, Sam would suspect nothing. But Sam was not afraid, nor even sleepy, being merely comfortable and much interested. And how did Carew guess that he, Sam, sold Sunday papers?—for so he did when he had the ready, and, after a second's hesitation, a couple of coppers were jingled close to Carew's ear, a mark of confidence that the man was quick to appreciate. For a change had come over the broken-down tramp of five minutes before, and Carew, very pitiful and strong to help the weak, was a gentleman again. And suddenly he had an inspiration.

"D'ye like stories?" he asked. "Shall I tell you a story?" For the jokes were giving out together with Carew's own breath. He had put fear behind him, but he felt Death approaching, and once it seemed to him that the boy stirred uneasily, as if conscious of a discomfort he could not account for. A little more and he would be asking questions that Carew would be at pains to answer. But here was a new way to distract and amuse, and presently the child must fall asleep. And he was quite ready for a story—nothing would please him better; and he wasn't particular as to the kind of story—he liked all sorts.

But of the sort Carew was presently telling him, Sam, in his few vagrant years, had never before heard the like. For the man's courage was rising, so that the race that had cast him off might have claimed him again as their own, as he faced death and worse than death with never a thought for himself.

A story, and, while he gathered the waif to his unaccustomed arms that had once known—ah, how long ago!—the clinging touch of little children, Carew summoned a glorious company into this the death-chamber of the little street-Arab. Ib and Christina, hand-in-hand from far-off Norway; the little Match-girl who, like Sam, had been cold and hungry, and who, like Sam, had found warmth and seen visions in the firelight; the Nightingale who sang Death away from the couch of the King, and the tin soldier who for love's sake had died the death of a hero. Gnome and elf from dark German forests, Genii from burning Asia, giant and dwarf, and fairy sprite, one and all, they came at the call of the Master, till the cellar, where the candle guttered and burnt itself out and the death-giving fumes spread and thickened, was aglow and shining, a living part of the Magic Land of happy childhood.

"By Gosh," said the boy, with failing breath, "but you can tell stories, you can!"

"And I'm like the Pied Piper," thought Carew, as he clung fast to the boy, and murmured words of comfort, and, in one last effort, told

the old legend of the Rhine to the child, who chuckled out his last breath in a laugh at that picture of rats, rats, rats, grey and tawny, old and whiskered, pelting madly into the rolling Weser. "Yes, I'm like the Pied Piper," repeated Carew, and his pulses beat and throbbed to suffocation, for the end was near, "and, as I pipe, the boy is following me, all unconscious, across the dark river; and he hasn't got much to leave, poor kid, and they can't be rough on him up there. The kid's safe, anyhow," thought Carew, as all thought left him. But his Guardian Angel had not waited in vain, for Carew, urging no claim of his own to mercy, had wept for the death of a little child and had rejoiced in his heart to know the child at rest, and the tears and the gladness of Seaton Carew arose as a prayer to One who is all Love.

And so they were found a day later, the battered wreck of humanity dead—with the child dead in his arms. And, before nightfall, Carew's body had been identified and the papers were full of his life-story—telling everything, as is the way of such stories, excepting what had really gone to make the man's life. But one who remembered and who came to look his last on Seaton Carew stood amazed. For the tormented spirit had escaped out of prison, and on the lined and furrowed face lay a great peace.

And he who looked understood how it was in the one hour of this man's life in which he had forgotten fear that the Lord who loves the children had given him Death.



"BEWARE THE JUB-JUB BIRD, MY SON!"

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

WHAT THE DOG THOUGHT OF THE CAT NEXT-DOOR.



DRAWN BY LOUIS WAIN.

THE HUMOURIST OUTWITTED.



"Good-bye, darling. If I find I can't be home to dinner, I'll send you a note by express messenger."
"Don't trouble, dear; I've got it. It fell out of your overcoat-pocket."

DRAWN BY E. S. HODGSON



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THREE new places of amusement opened to the public within a week surely constitute a record even for London. They are the Coliseum, the Lyceum, and the Scala. The first two are already the public property, but the last, and by no means the least in beauty, has yet to have a manager. The Scala's name is possibly only of a temporary character, and is derived from the magnificent staircase which is one of the features of the building—indeed, its chief constructive feature—justifying the claim of Dr. or the Chevalier Distin-Maddick that the house has no parallel in London. For charm of design and magnificence of decoration the Scala can hold its own with any other house in London, while the comfort of the actors who have to spend an appreciable portion of their lives within its walls has been well considered, for, in addition to commodious dressing-rooms, there are two Green-rooms for their use; and Green-rooms show a tendency to disappear, so that the actors, when

the Kennington; "The Forty Thieves," at the Grand, Fulham; "Red Riding Hood," at the Coronet; "Robinson Crusoe," at the Camden; "Dick Whittington," at the Court, Liverpool; "The Babes in the Wood," at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and another localised version of "Robinson Crusoe," at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham. His activities in this direction make it necessary that he should engage practically all the year round an author who devotes his whole time to the composition of the entertainments which he requires at Christmas for the various theatres under his control.

The gentleman who holds the position of author-in-ordinary to Mr. Arthur is Mr. Frank Dix, who furnishes another illustration of the closeness of community between the Church and the Stage. His father was the Rev. F. W. Chatterton Dix, the famous hymn-writer, and it is undoubtedly from him that he derived the lyrical faculty which enables him to write verse with practically as much ease as ordinary



"MR. AUBREY SMITH AND MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE IN "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

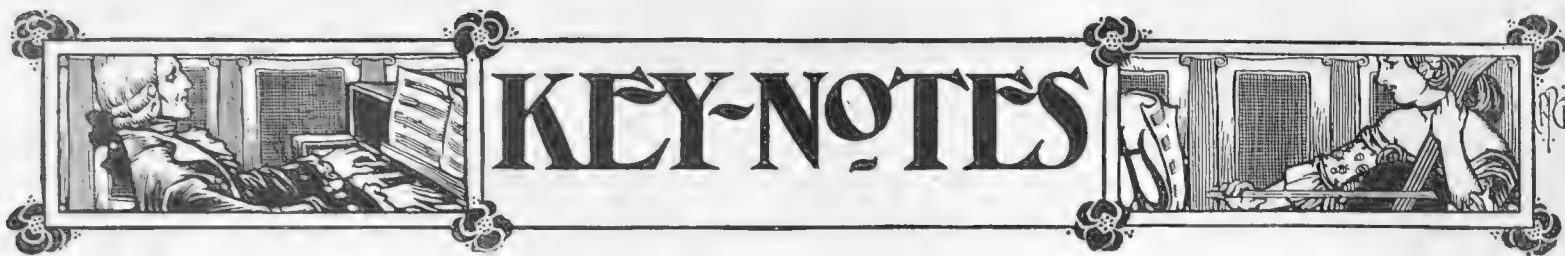
not on the stage, have often to go back to their dressing-rooms to wait until they are needed again. Although provision for the actors should be the first consideration of the architect, or one of his chief considerations, it is not always so in practice, for there is a tradition frequently referred to that one theatre was actually built without any dressing-rooms at all, and the omission was only discovered when the Company engaged to open the theatre arrived and asked to be shown to their rooms.

Just as Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. Frank Curzon may be said to dominate the theatres within what may be considered the theatrical radius, so, but in a considerably greater degree, Mr. Robert Arthur has become the controlling force in the suburban districts. He now owns or controls no fewer than five of these houses—the Kennington, the Coronet, the Camden, the Crown, Peckham, and the Grand, Fulham, which was saved for the drama largely, if not entirely, through the efforts of the Bishop of London. Mr. Arthur's activities do not, however, stop here, for rumour has already given to him the control of at least two, and possibly three other suburban theatres. In addition, Mr. Arthur is managing-director of theatres in Liverpool, Newcastle, Nottingham, Dundee, and Aberdeen, and is the proprietor of two Touring Companies.

This year he is responsible for seven pantomimes: "Aladdin," at

people write prose. Mr. Dix, who is quite a young man, has written no fewer than five of the pantomimes which Mr. Robert Arthur will produce. He has had a large experience in this sort of work, having already been connected with eighteen pantomimes. He served his apprenticeship with Mr. J. Macready Chute at Bristol, for whom he used to write all the lyrics and the local allusions in the Christmas plays before he was engaged by Mr. Arthur, with whom he has been associated for the last three years.

Why is it we have had no plays dealing with the struggle between Russia and Japan? The question has been asked in many quarters. The correct answer would not be, because none have been written. As a matter of fact, rumours have been going round the Green-room of a play in which two of the *dramatis personæ* are no less conspicuous than the Czar and the Mikado. It sounds delightful. The only point is, would the Lord Chamberlain, who, there is reason for saying, objects to actuality in the drama so far as it concerns the representation of easily recognised public characters, grant his licence for the production, even supposing that such a course were contemplated? With the rulers of the two countries at death-grips and a cast of Generals and what the old dramatists called alarums and excursions, the ordinary mortal might be forgiven for imagining that the play was a tragedy. It is said, however, to be described by the author as a farce.



SO far as criticism is concerned, one of the most serious losses to music in the North of England has been the death of Mr. Arthur Johnstone, at the age of only forty-three. Mr. Johnstone was in many ways a very extraordinary man. Passionately fond of music though he was, he had also the true instincts of the traveller, of the adventurer in the right sense of the term, and of a man who would

penetrate into any unknown country without a sense of fear. He was accomplished in many senses of the term, and was a linguist of rare culture. As a War Correspondent, he worked with wonderful ability in the Turko-Greek Campaign, and his Russian travels were in some ways miracles of venturesomeness. Perhaps his physique was not capable of supporting so hardy and so changeable a life. He became the musical critic of the *Manchester Guardian* only nine years ago, and he at once established himself as a real power in Lancashire, and also as one who had much to say that was to the point, and with genuine authority. Indeed, he had pur-



SIGNOR LEONCAVALLO,

whose new opera, "Roland of Berlin," was produced before the German Emperor and his Court on Dec. 13.

posed at one time to make a serious career by pianoforte-playing, from which, however, he was debarred by some slight weakness of the wrist. In a word, he was a man of singularly brilliant gifts, very deliberate in all that he spoke or wrote, but with a deep sense of humour which his rather serious manner seemed sometimes to belie. He may be described as to some extent a martyr to journalism, simply because that, despite all his great qualities and accomplishments, he gave up to journalism what was surely meant for mankind. He was married barely five months ago, and the sympathy of everyone who knew him, for he was upright, honest, careful, and intellectual in a very high sense of the word, will go forth in compassion towards his widow.

Norwich is quick in the construction of its programme for its next Musical Festival. The Committee which met a few days ago has announced that Sir Edward Elgar will conduct a performance of "The Apostles," as well as another score, which will be presumably a new orchestral work. Sir Hubert Parry and Signor Mancinelli will be represented, it is also hoped, by new works; indeed, I understand that Mancinelli has already composed a Sacred Cantata for the occasion, while Sir Hubert Parry's work seems to be conditional upon the fact of his finding a suitable subject for his pen. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has also written a couple of Choral Ballads, and a list of more or less familiar works is also included, while the artists, too, are well known in the musical world. Somehow or other, in reading over these lists of artists year after year, one seems to think that they are gifted with a kind of immortality, so seldom is a new name introduced; but one supposes that the same idea must have crossed the minds, often enough, of our grandfathers when they were so constantly summoned to hear (let us say) Mr. Sims Reeves, or Madame Jenny Lind, or Madame Alboni, or many another veteran artist whose name is now beginning to be an echo of another day. Soon they will be all mingled in that crowd where such singers as Quantz and Farinelli are gathered together. As Henley put it in rhymes which are almost mad with the most acute pathos—

Where are the revellers high and low?
The clashing swords? The lover's call?
The dancers gleaming row on row?
Into the night go one and all.

A very interesting series of concerts has been given at Broadwood's (in Conduit Street) of Old Chamber Music, by Grace Sunderland and Frank Thistleton. These artists, in their own way, are doing as good a work as was done by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch when he first brought

forward to public knowledge the results of his careful and refined studies in the music of another time. Mr. Dolmetsch practically took Whistler's view of art, in which the height of beauty is supposed to culminate in the ultimate expression of a great school. Thus, as Whistler had it, a chapter of art was finished with the Elgin Marbles; again, another chapter of art was finished when the greatest of the Japanese Schools reached its highest point. Mr. Dolmetsch also took the view that, with the older instruments and the music written for those older instruments, a chapter in musical art was accomplished and finished. The serious mistake which he, however, made was to try and continue some of the rolled-up chapters of an ancient art down into the present day; mistake, we have called it, but, as a matter of fact, it was rather a lack of forethoughtfulness. Thus Mr. Dolmetsch seemed to argue: "If I restore the old instruments, I can also restore to the public the old music, and thus it will be found that the old music in its own way was every whit as good as the new music." This was not precisely a fallacy, because there are many and many musicians amongst us who delight under such circumstances to go back to the elder Masters. The modern man, however, is too steeped in his own modern ideas to pick up those delicate threads of the past and see how they were woven into one musical tapestry. Now, Miss Sunderland and Mr. Thistleton have taken a sort of middle course. In their concert of the other day we had Purcell, Orlando Gibbons, and other composers of a former day interpreted under more or less modern circumstances. This, in some ways, is praiseworthy, because the average modern person is by these means led to a knowledge which, if not perfect, is, at all events, on the road to perfection; and therefore it may be recorded that, on the whole, the concert was an excellent one and was full of interesting points.

At the Bechstein Hall, Miss Bertha Feinhols and Miss Bertha Scholfield gave an Orchestral Concert on Monday which was very well attended indeed. One has a kind of idea that, when the Bechstein Hall was constructed, there was no idea of orchestral concerts, and that there was the simple hall with its parabolic stage meant for just the single vocalist accompanied by the pianoforte or by stringed instruments always limited to a certain point. One was glad to note that it was from a rather old-fashioned programme, or rather, from the flower of many a programme of old-fashioned days, that there was made an entertainment which was really interesting. Weber, Bishop, Verdi, Liszt—all these Masters were included, and were well interpreted by the artists who took the matter in hand. It was impossible not to compare this particular sort of playing with the playing which Wagner determined to dismiss from those who worked at his own compositions. There was a certain excellence of tone which most unfortunately reminded one of things that we no longer care for, for we do care more about complexity in music—the complexity that makes the brain a little too happy with itself. In any case, the concert was most interesting and served as an introduction of new work to old work.

COMMON CHORD.

Mr. Frank Lambert, the composer of the music for "Ladyland," at the Avenue Theatre, was born in Nottingham. He is well known to the public for his many charming songs and ballads. He was educated at Rugby, and developed when quite a boy his gift for music. In "Ladyland," his first attempt at opera, he has well sustained his reputation.



MR. FRANK LAMBERT,
COMPOSER OF "LADYLAND," THE COMIC OPERA AT
THE AVENUE.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.



The Exhibition at Olympia—An International Contest—Tonneau Bodies—Too Much Luxury.

GR^{EAT} progress is being made with the floor-area of Olympia, in preparation for the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders' Exhibition which will open there on Feb. 18 next. The huge curtain which veiled the long stage, and which, it is said, cost eleven thousand pounds to put up—which is hard to believe—is down, and the whole floor-area is clear. Of the entire fitness of the building for a great Exhibition such as this coming Show will undoubtedly be there is no doubt, the possibilities of the Crystal Palace, to say nothing of the Agricultural Hall, piling into insignificance before them. It is to be feared that the artistic environment of the February Show, however, will compare very poorly with the Paris Salon, for neither the position nor the roof-contour of Olympia lends itself to anything approaching competition with the fascinating lighting of the interior and exterior of the Grand Palais. If, however, our Show will not vie with the French Exhibition in artistic environment and decoration, it may and will do so in the wholesale interest of the exhibits. For, good or bad, the Society welcomes exhibits of any nationality, and the Olympian sweep will shelter the machines of England, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, the United States, and Canada.

All automobilists who desire the improvement of automobiles in their own interest will heartily approve the regulations and recommendations, drafted by the special Committee appointed by the Club, for the establishment of an International Touring-Car contest, to be held by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland in the Isle of Man next year. The conditions are as follows: (1) The car to complete the allotted course in the shortest time to be adjudged the winner; (2) A limited quantity of fuel to be allowed for the distance; (3) This quantity to be such as shall permit of an average speed over such distance not exceeding twenty-five miles per hour; (4) The weight of the frame or chassis to be between $11\frac{1}{2}$ and $14\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.; (5) The chassis to carry a load of not less than $8\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., which weight includes the body and four passengers, but excludes tools, fuel, lubricating oil, and spares. The wheel-gauge of the cars must not be less than four feet, and the wheel-base not less than seven feet six inches. The dominating notion in drafting the above conditions has been to prevent abnormally powerful engines mounted on abnormally light frames, and excessive speed, while the body mounted must in all respects satisfy the controllers as being a properly constructed,

comfortable touring-body. The competition run on the above lines will lose in thrill and sensation, but will gain immensely in instructive merit to both makers and purchasers.

The tonneau body has seen its day, and the only wonder with those of both sexes who, daintily shod, have had to step on to muddy roads to get into the back-portion of a car so built has been that it has held its own so long. Nothing but large stocks of short frames accounted for its long life, but, now that manufacturers arrange the mechanical parts of the car so that any reasonable length of chassis can be obtained, we shall hear but little more of tonneau bodies. But, in turning out double-phaeton bodies with side-entrances, both the English and French body-builders seem prone to make the back-seat too straight and to deprive the passengers in the rear of the car of all the comfort of the Roi-de-Belge body. The rear-seats of that body half-engulfed the sitter and placed him very companionably with regard to his *vis-à-vis*. The protection from draught is not nearly so complete in the straight-across back phaeton-seat that now goes so frequently with the side-entrance. Side-doors to the front-seat are also becoming more general, though in nine cases out of ten they are not made high enough to exclude all the draught. No car is so comfortable for the front passengers as the New Orleans, with its high side-doors and its shaped apron attached to them and to the top edge of the dashboard.

The head of the great tyre-manufacturing firm of Michelin feels that the continually increasing luxury in automobile-bodies is, by reason of the ever equally increasing weight, asking altogether too big a question of even the best and most hard-wearing tyres his firm can produce. Like many other people, M. Michelin is evidently of opinion that the present-day body-builders are giving too much attention to the luxurious comfort of the bodies they turn out, and not sufficient thought to keeping down the weight to the uttermost, while preserving strength and rigidity. Therefore, in order to induce the great body-builders to give weight-reduction their serious attention, M. Michelin has offered a trophy, of the value of some £2000, which shall each year be awarded to the body-builder who turns out the best and lightest grand touring-body, to seat six, which shall be put upon exhibition at the annual French Show. One or more of our Tyre Companies might do likewise for our English body-builders, who require encouragement.



THE LATEST DEVICES IN LADIES' MOTOR-COSTUMES, AS SHOWN LAST WEEK AT THE PARIS AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION.

Photograph by Branger, Paris.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Hurst Park—Manchester—The Derby—Soup—Handicapping.

THERE should be a big attendance at Hurst Park on Friday and Saturday, as a capital programme has been arranged and runners promise to be plentiful. The match between Mark Time and Karakoul should prove an exciting item. I think the latter will win, as he is little but good. I saw the race between the pair from the Club Enclosure at Kempton, and I thought the result was a dead-heat, but a gentleman standing close to the Judge's box told me that Mark Time just got there. At the same time, I thought Karakoul made his effort a bit too late, and, although the jockey of the second rode a really good race, it must not be forgotten that he had not been on the back of the horse before. Birch, who rides Mark Time, is a capital jockey and a resolute finisher; so, by-the-bye, is Matthews. The latter did all that could have been done for Karakoul, who is a very unlucky horse, having been just beaten in more than one race of late. The course at Hurst Park is in very fine condition, and owners should not hesitate to run their horses at the meeting. The new Clerk of the Course, Mr. H. M. Owen, is very popular in racing circles, as is Mr. A. Coventry, the Manager of the Hurst Park Club. This is the only meeting in England where two starters are engaged on the staff in different capacities.

As is well known, the Manchester Racecourse is the best-paying property of any connected with the Sport of Kings, and yet the racing of late at Castle Irwell has not been first-chop and the New Year's Steeplechases are not likely to yield well in the matter of runners. It can, however, be predicted for a certainty that the attendance will be a big one, as the Mancunians dearly love horse-racing. The acceptances received for the New Year's Hurdle-race only numbered eight out of an original entry of twenty-seven, which, to say the very least of it, is appalling. In my opinion, St. Hubert has only to go to the post to win easily. In the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase thirty entries were received, and of the number eighteen accepted, including three Irish-trained horses. According to rumour, Prince Tuscan is very likely to win. I am not so sure, by-the-bye, that the running of so many Irish horses at Manchester does not do the meeting more harm than good, as, in my opinion, it is difficult to size up the form. The Irish-trained horses sometimes win when not expected, while often when fancied by our backers they finish down the course. It is perplexing to an English owner to send a horse North that on paper looks to be a certainty, only to find the animal badly beaten by some Irish-trained horse that, according to the records, was not, sportingly speaking, on the Map.

Very little winter betting has taken place over the Derby, and even Sir John Willoughby no longer makes his yearling book on the Blue Riband of the Turf, as "Dizzy" dubbed the Epsom race. I had a stroll round the course a few days back, and found it looking the pink of perfection. Mr. H. M. Dorling leaves no stone unturned in his desire to keep the track up to standard pitch, with the result that the going is always good. It should, however, be added that the chalk subsoil is a great factor in the game. Now you will readily see why I am always singing the praises of the Wiltshire Downs for training racehorses, as the going is always good and sound in winter and in summer. If Major Clement had the Epsom subsoil to work on at Ascot, the going in the Royal Hunt would be perfect, and why not unturf

the whole of the track and put down, say, three feet thickness of chalk below the soil? Then we should get big fields and good sport at Ascot from the Tuesday morning right on until the Friday night. But to the Derby. An opinion prevails at Epsom that the Lord of the Manor will win the Derby. I refer to the Earl of Rosebery, who has a really genuine candidate in Cicero. The locals think that his Lordship's luck will get him home, as it did in the case of Ladas and Sir Visto. I, for one, should like to see the Primrose to the fore, but I am afraid that M. Blanc will capture this time, as, in my opinion, he holds a nap-hand.

At many of the race-meetings, notably at Kempton Park, Gatwick, and Newmarket, the refreshment contractors supply some first-rate Irish-stew in the luncheon menus, and I may add that the mutton used has to be sent from London to Newmarket, as the local-fed meat does not suit. I think in these hard times the people responsible for our feeding might manage to supply, say, a good plate of delectable soup and bread for sixpence. Of course, those who could afford it would never object to paying three-and-sixpence for a luncheon, provided they had the time to spare to do justice to the feast; but in these short days, when racing begins so early, it is well-nigh impossible for busy racing-men to waste time over feeding, yet I am certain many of these would welcome the opportunity to get a plate of soup only at a reasonable price. Men who content themselves with taking a heavy breakfast and then fasting until dinner-time would, I am sure, encourage the quick lightning-lunch, and in the long run, I contend, the refreshment contractors would be the gainers, as the nimble sixpence is, after all, the thing to encourage. The matter might easily be arranged by having a luncheon-bar set aside where the soup could be taken standing, as is now done at any number of City restaurants. Who will be the first to provide us with sixpenny soup-luncheons on our racecourses?

It is good news to hear that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are ready and willing to uphold the handicappers when the latter take steps to frame what they think are equitable handicaps, though certain horses may to their owners appear to have been harshly treated. I

have always contended that horses trained in certain stables should all the time be weighted on their best and not on their worst form. Getting weight off may be fine fun for the stables interested, but it is poison in the long run to other people with horses good enough to win handicaps on their merits. The bad old days of readying are, I trust, dead and done for. The late Mr. Swindell, the sportsman—aye, and a bigger man than he, in Bismarck, the statesman—contended that the best way to hoodwink the public was to tell them the plain, unvarnished truth, because that they would not believe at any price. I am certain that those who travel the straightest path last the longest, so far as the Turf is concerned, and it is the good people, and not the doubtful and bad ones, that should receive lenient treatment if necessary. The really big owners who race for the sake of the sport very seldom win a big handicap. Indeed, very few of them ever try to do so. Now, I should like to see some members of our old nobility who never bet winning some of the big races that generally go to the so-called professional owners, who are all the time speaking in whispers, and winking, and otherwise finessing.

CAPTAIN COE.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN: A SANDRINGHAM PORTRAIT.

Taken by G. Glanville, Tunbridge Wells.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

MANY will, no doubt, hail the passing of Christmas and of Santa Claus, though the children will have lingering regrets that the "fun" and merriment of Christmas at its zenith are somewhat abated. The attitude of so many "grown-ups" who are loud in declaring their hatred of Christmas is, however, never an understandable, or a pleasant, or a Christian one; and its only possible excuse as a *façon* is that those who assume it, in remembering other and happier times, shrink from the memories evoked.

But, after all, the regret that so many of us feel for departed childhood is not entirely reasonable. Each age has its drawbacks as well as pleasures, and, as Stevenson reminds us in one of his inimitable essays, "Terror has, at least, gone out of our lives with childhood, and we no longer see the devil in the bed-curtains nor lie awake to listen to the wind."

But if Christmas be especially the children's season, as so many will insist on labelling it, what about the New Year for the grown-ups? Does a First of January ever arrive without a good resolution or two? Does it ever pass without the disturbing reminder of that sheaf of bills waiting to be paid off? The opening year, with its pleasant possibilities, its unavoidable responsibilities, its closed book of fate, its open door into futurity, may be, indeed, the moment of the mature; but give me Merry Christmas, with its happy, heedless unconcern of all that the coming time may bring and its delightful actuality of sheer enjoyment in the present hour.

Nevertheless, having one's habitation in this vale of tears, and being continually reminded by the old policeman Time that it is incumbent to "move on," one falls into the habit practical perforce

in lieu of little, a great deal for a small deal, a whole heap of sacrifices for a little heap of sovereigns or shillings, as the case may be. January, indeed, opens vistas of rapture to the huntress of bargains as well as foxes. Indeed, it becomes difficult to differentiate between a brush



A TAILOR-MADE WINTER-GOWN.

or looking ahead and around, which brings one to the interesting realisation that these lines will have scarcely been in print before the Winter Sales are upon us. Here, then, is the opportunity of that voracious bargain-hunter, the Eternal Feminine, for obtaining much



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING-GOWN OF THE NEW "OMBRÉ" SILK IN YELLOW AND ORANGE.

won or a bonnet bought under circumstances severally when the race is to the strong and the prize to the fleetest.

In a smart, gold-bound booklet, which Peter Robinson's aptly entitle "A Golden Opportunity," the announcement, with particulars, of their forthcoming sale, to commence on Jan. 2, is alluringly set forth. As one of the largest and most genuine sales in London, Peter Robinson's is always a widely recognised and much-availed-of rendezvous at sale-time as well as other seasons. The reductions in price are so obvious this year that one need only see the sacrificial heaps to recognise that they are veritable treasure-trove. To particularise some especial points, one may mention that smart woollen wraps in pale or dark colours will be sold at 39s. 6d. instead of 55s. Dainty basqued coats in the new stamped velvet, with gold-embroidered vests of white cloth, and lined throughout with soft merveilleux, have descended in the monetary scale from five to three guineas. Fashionable furs like Siberian marmot, sable tabagon, silver fox, Alaska squirrel, chinchilla, and ermine are to be obtained at a comparatively infinitesimal proportion of their ordinary cost, and the forthcoming sale on this account alone is worth the active attention of the fair. Those who love the "frou-frouing" of the glacé petticoat will rejoice to know of an aptly named jupon, "The Marvel," which, in every colour of the rainbow, is available at 15s. 11d., instead of its ordinary 26s. Tucks, gauging, and flounces go to the construction of this wonderful petticoat, while hardly less attractive creations in tartan-plaid silk moirette are to be negotiated for a mere 10s. 6d. After this, the

Deluge, one would be inclined to add; but Peter Robinson's list of surprises is still incomplete, and to those who really wish a "formulated statement" of his astonishing facts one may recommend the aforesaid catalogue, which can be had on application and is in itself a succession of surprises in black-and-white.

Crowds of people are rushing here and there and anywhere out of London for Christmas, but Paris absorbs an unusual "quantity" of English folk this year. Perhaps it is that we are more and more awaking to the fact that "On mange mieux en France que dans tout autre pays," as the King of Portugal lately said to M. Loubet, or that our wives are more appreciative of the Paris hat. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that Paris—dear, gay, volatile Lutetia—calls us more and more, and that we welcome the holiday with most un-British levity that leads us anywhere away from home! On the subject of superior food one inevitably gives way. But hats, now! That is another matter. I'll wager that as many genuine hats from Paris are sold in a day in our delightful, murky, fog-ridden town as in Paris itself. Quite a dozen of the first houses have daily consignments from across Channel, and at Robinson and Cleaver's new premises, *par exemple*, there are as many French chapeaux in daily evidence as English. Their great sale, announced for Jan. 2, by the way, is, judging by the catalogue alone, sure to be an irresistible study in temptations, and those who hold the dower-chest of treasured napery in as proud a place as the wardrobe will find treasure-trove without end in the exquisite Irish cambric and unsurpassable linen damask which hails from the Emerald Isle. Besides this, there are down quilts and cushions, blankets and counterpanes, lace curtains of many nationalities—Swiss, French, English, where not! In the costume place, French model-frocks will be found in plenty at quite half their authorised value; beautiful *dessus*, marked down to the last available farthing; *chic* chapeaux and motor-caps similarly treated, and a general upheaval, in fact, of prices, resulting in a reversal of values which must appeal pleasantly to the seeker after sacrifices. Stony-hearted indeed must be the woman who could resist Robinson and Cleaver's January sale catalogue.—SYBIL.



MRS. WATERLOW, WIFE OF CAPTAIN JAMES WATERLOW, D.S.O.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

At Messrs. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket Mrs. Mary Raphael has an exhibition of sketches made during an autumn tour in North Wales,

France, and Tuscany. The work shows a very sincere feeling for the beauties that beset the wanderer in these highly favoured districts, and evinces technical merit of a high order. Mrs. Raphael has given us a great deal of charming work since she began her serious studies under Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., some fourteen years ago. She has worked, too, in Julien's ateliers in Paris, where her masters included MM. Bouguereau, Constant, and Laurens. Among her best-remembered pictures are "A Wood Nymph," "Eve," "Britomart and Amoret," and "A Naiad." But Mrs. Raphael has not been content to express her talents on canvas. She has written at least one pretty little book, and there are others on the way.



MRS. MARY RAPHAEL.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

PENDING the production by Mr. Arthur Bouchier, at the Garrick Theatre, of her play, "Mr. Sheridan," which was tried with so much success in Brighton at the end of the summer, Miss Gladys Unger has just completed a new four-Act play of modern life in which Mr. Frank Worthing will "star." Mr. Worthing will be remembered as an actor who came to the front in Sir Charles Wyndham's Company, and was, later, the leading man at Daly's during the last season in which that famous American Company appeared in London under the management of Mr. Daly. Since Mr. Daly's death, Mr. Worthing has been playing in America, where he is held in high esteem.

Miss Unger's play may be considered essentially for the American market, since it deals entirely with American life and introduces matters relating to the working classes and the Anarchists. For the present, the title selected is "The Gambler," though one of more distinction will probably be substituted for it before the play is produced. At present the young authoress is writing a play for Miss Virginia Harned, the original Trilby and the original representative in America of certain of Mr. Pinero's heroines. Until within the last year or two, Miss Harned, who in private life is Mrs. E. H. Sothorn, always played the leading parts in her husband's Company.

After "Prunella; or, Love in a Dutch Garden," has run its allotted course at the Court, the season of special matinées of which Mr. J. E. Vedrenne has been making such a feature will be again started. Practically, from Feb. 7 until June 9 there will be plays, on an average, nearly every other afternoon, and the programme has been already definitely settled. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has dominated the pre-Christmas season with "John Bull's Other Island" and "Candida," will again supply two plays. "John Bull's Other Island" will be revived in February, and "Arms and the Man," which was originally produced at the Avenue, is underlined for the early part of May. Brieux's "Le Berceau," to be called "The Cradle," will be the second production; Gerhardt Hauptmann's "Der Biebertelz" ("The Thieves' Comedy") will succeed, to be followed by "The Trojan Women," translated by Professor Gilbert Murray from the text of Euripides, as he translated the "Hippolytus," while Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," in which every playgoer must hope that Miss Winifred Fraser will again be seen, will bring the season, as at present arranged, to a close.

Miss Fraser's performance, which was given when the play was first produced at the Royalty and, later on, at the Globe, has been always regarded as one of the highest achievements on the modern stage, tintured with that vivid insight into character to which it is not too much to apply that often abused word, "genius."

These later matinées will be called the Vedrenne-Barker performances, as they will be under the joint management of Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, the General Manager of the Court, and of Mr. Granville Barker, whose reputation both as actor and producer has recently been advancing by leaps and bounds in the most remarkable manner, and that not only in the estimation of the public, but in the theatrical profession itself.

MISS DAISY PAVER.

English girls who have mastered the groundwork of Italian dancing are so hard to find that, when found, they must be noted. Miss Daisy Paver, who has the chief dancing-rôle in the pantomime of "Goose Gander," at the Princess's Theatre in Glasgow, is a pupil of Madame Cavallazzi-Mapleson, and has satisfied even that exacting critic. She has been a principal dancer in pantomime at Manchester and elsewhere, and has appeared in opera at Covent Garden. During the season just ended Miss Paver had the chief part in the ballet given in the third Act of "Adriana Lecouvreur." Being quite young and very industrious, she may still remove from London the reproach that it has no English *première danseuse* of the first class.



MISS DAISY PAVER, PLAYING IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE PRINCESS'S, GLASGOW.

Photo. by Hana, Strand.

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Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "Union Bank of London," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 198, Strand, London.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 11.

CHRISTMAS MARKETS.

BUSINESS has been very restricted during the last few days, but the tone all round is more than encouraging, especially in gilt-edged securities and Kaffirs; indeed, everybody believes that, unless some unforeseen international complication crops up, we shall see a great improvement all round during the early months of the New Year. Not much could be expected of Christmas week in any event, and the black darkness of the last few days, coupled with depressing Home Rail traffics, has had the effect of making matters more dull than usual. When it takes members three or four hours to reach Capel Court from Croydon or Redhill, it neither conduces to optimism nor to business. Let us hope that our cartoonist has merely displayed an intelligent anticipation of events when he suggests as the Christmas gifts of Santa Claus a Kaffir boom and Peace and Prosperity.

REVIEWS AND VIEWS.

We may as well state at the outset of our this week's undertaking that we have no intention of entering upon a long and wordy review of the year's finance, such as the technical papers will indulge their readers with next Saturday. The editor of the highest weekly authority in finance told us, not long ago, that in the course of all his experience he had never met a man who admitted reading any of the reviews with which his own journal and its followers fill their columns at the end of the year. "Nevertheless," he added, "we have to do it, you know." On former occasions, we ourselves have hurried to the rut of Review customary at this season. This year, another plan suggests itself, and our Review shall take the shape of quotations of representative stocks and shares at the end of the past four quarters, with the prices added that ruled at Christmas-time. Whether the idea commend itself to the reader or not, we are so bold as to suppose that it will be studied, at any rate, with as much attention as if the conventional lines were followed.

GILT-EDGED.

At no time during the year has money been really "tight." What sent Consols down to 85 was political unrest, not stringency in Lombard Street, and, seeing that the Funds have varied only $6\frac{1}{2}$ points between their highest and lowest prices in 1904, it is evident that investors had few moments of alarm throughout the period. Yet we have had important new Loans and heavy, most of which were well received by the public, and some scoring triumphant successes. Our first table is chiefly remarkable for the comparatively small change that is exhibited in the most popular gilt-edged stocks as compared with the prices at the end of last year—

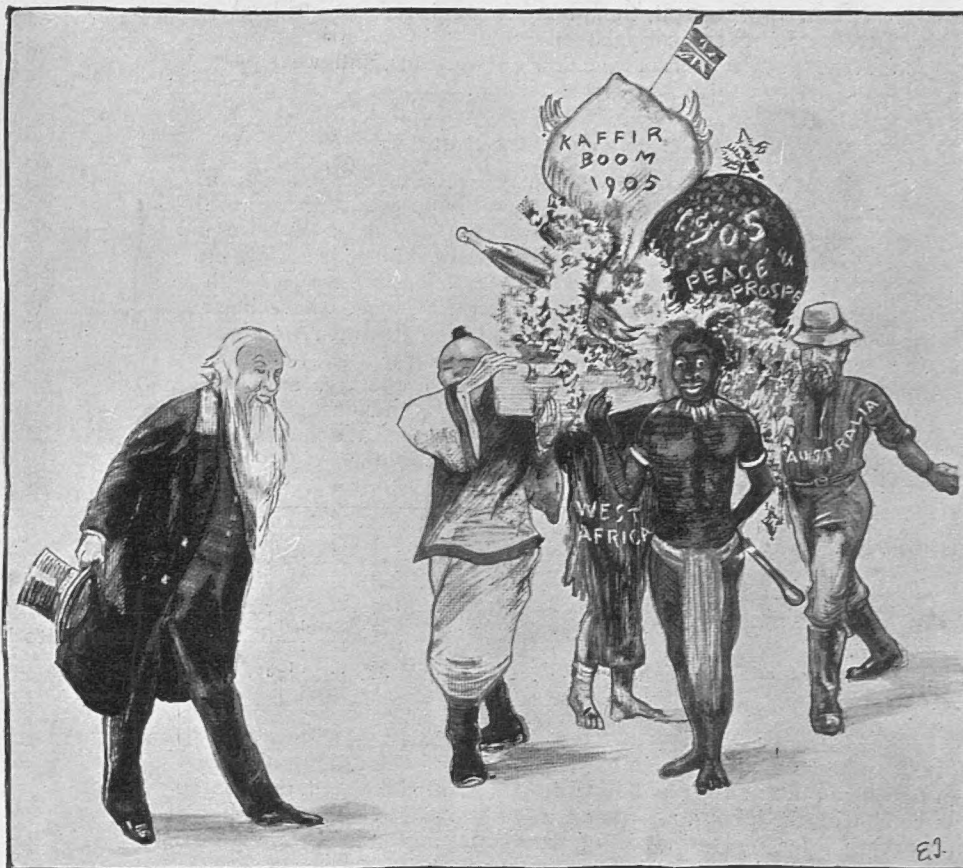
| | 1903. | | 1904. | | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|-------------------|--|
| | Dec. | March 31. | June 30. | Sept. 30. | Dec. 23. | | |
| Consols (money) | 88 | 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| War Loan | 97 | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 98 | 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Local Loans | 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 98 | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| India Threes | 96 | 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 96 | 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |

One singular fall in this department is that in Bank stock. The security finishes at practically its lowest level, which is $18\frac{1}{2}$ points below the best price attained this year, but gilt-edged stocks as a whole have good prospects and are not likely to give way in the present circumstances.

FOREIGN BONDS.

Naturally, the chief interest in this section fastens upon Japanese and Russian issues. Taking Japan Fours as a fair instance of the country's bonds that are largely held in Britain, it is worthy of note that the figure recorded in our second column, namely, 62 at the end of last March, represents the low-water line, whereas the current quotation is only a couple of points or so below the highest, which was $78\frac{1}{2}$. The two 6 per cent. Loans issued by Japan, one in May and the other in November, were offered at $93\frac{1}{2}$ and $90\frac{1}{2}$ respectively, and of their success we need not write, it is too well remembered. Russians have moved comparatively little, but the course of quotation can be traced in the prices appended.

| | 1903. | | 1904. | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--|
| | Dec. | March 31. | June 30. | Sept. 30. | Dec. 23. | | |
| Arg. Funding | 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Brazil, 1889 | 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| China, 1896 | 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 99 | 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 101 | 101 | |
| Japan Fours | 77 | 62 | 75 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 73 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Peru Deb. | 86 | 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 93 | 99 | 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Spanish | 88 | 83 | 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Russian Fours | 98 | 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 92 | 92 | |
| Uruguay 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 57 | 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Rio Tinto | 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |



WAITER "SANTA CLAUS" PRESENTING HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE "HOUSE."

Sensational rises in Peruvian Corporation stocks resulted mainly from prospects of a settlement between the Government and the Company, and there has been a quiet advance in Mexican descriptions upon the proposed establishment of a fixed currency.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

As usual, the Home Railway Market has been more or less under the lee of Consols, and this year especially so, because the leading Companies did neither brilliant nor depressing work in the shape of dividend declaration and traffic announcement. Electrification has come to be a household word in the market; and this time next year we shall be writing of the progress of the Metropolitan and the District under their clearer conditions. Capital requirements, monetary and political considerations, and the distress in Lancashire stand out as prominent factors of the market through the closing year, and we append a group of prices to show how the trend of values ran—

| | 1903. | | 1904. | | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--|
| | Dec. | March 31. | June 30. | Sept. 30. | Dec. 23. | | |
| Caledonian Def. | 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Cen. London Ord. | 95 | 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 92 | 87 | 91 | 91 | |
| Gt. Eastern | 85 | 86 | 93 | 88 | 91 | 91 | |
| Gt. North. Def. | 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Gt. Western | 133 | 134 | 144 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 138 | 140 | 140 | |
| L. Brighton "A" | 105 | 108 | 123 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 118 | 123 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 123 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| L. and Nor.-West. | 145 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 146 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 152 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 149 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 153 | 153 | |
| Metropolitan | 86 | 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 97 | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Met. District | 34 | 34 | 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 42 | 40 | 40 | |
| Mid. Def. | 63 | 64 | 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 64 | 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| N. British | 40 | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| N.-Eastern | 134 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 133 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 142 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 137 | 138 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 138 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| S.-Eastern "A" | 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 50 | 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |

Unless the dividends to be declared next month turn out much better than anticipated, we are somewhat dubious whether the current quotations will be maintained.

AMERICANS.

Drenched though we have been with statistics relating to American Rails, it is still a source of marvel to remember some of the wild fluctuations which 1904 has witnessed. Milwaukeees, for example, show a difference of no less than 41 between their best price and their lowest during the year, while Union Pacific and Steel Preferred beat this record with a width of 45, and Louisville with one of 48. Most of the gain has been secured in the latter part of the twelvemonth, as this sketch of the market plainly shows—

| | 1903. | | 1904. | | | | |
|-------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--|
| | Dec. | March 31. | June 30. | Sept. 30. | Dec. 23. | | |
| Atchison | 70 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 73 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| B. and O. | 82 | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 81 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 102 | |
| Erie | 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 37 | 37 | |
| Norfolks | 60 | 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 71 | 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Ontario | 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Penns. | 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Reading | 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| South Pac. | 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 51 | 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Union | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| U. S. Steel | 13 | 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 16 | 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| „ Pref. | 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |

While a very great deal of the American business throughout the period has been professional, the public came in to a considerable extent. Recent efforts to manipulate the market by advertising have, however, made people scary of touching Americans, and we should not be surprised to see a set-back all round.

CANADIAN AND FOREIGN RAILS.

Basing their hopes upon the outlook for 1905, most holders of Canadian Rails resolutely refused to sell, however poor the traffics were this year. Trunks and Canadas have had their days of severe depression, but, in view of the takes chronicled by the former Company, it is astonishing that prices should compare so well with those at the commencement of the twelvemonth. Canadas have been nearly 140 and nearly 112, moving generally in sympathy with American Rails. The Argentine group have enjoyed a rising market, thanks to the good harvest and the development of the country, and the dramatic jump in Mexican Rails is due to the very unexpectedly good account the Company has been able to give of itself. We have space for only a few examples—

| | 1903. | 1904. | | | |
|----------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| | Dec. | March 31. | June 30. | Sept. 30. | Dec. 23. |
| Can. Pac. | 122 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 118 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 128 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 134 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 133 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Trunk 1st | 111 | 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 103 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 107 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| " 2nd | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| " Ord. | 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| B. A. and Ros. | 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 101 |
| Mex. 1st | 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 70 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 89 | 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Nitrate | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ |

AMIDST THE MINES.

If the note struck by 1904 in the Kaffir Circus is less disappointing than that given out in 1902 and 1903, it can hardly be called resonant even yet. Chinese labour, after many alarms, has got into something like working order, and—what is of paramount importance—the gold returns are "swellin' wisely." The coming year should see a fresh addition to the public confidence that is already returning to the Kaffir Circus, and, if only the big houses will be modest in their demands for new capital, a strong demand might reasonably take prices higher. Here is our list, with a few Rhodesian and West African prices added—

| | 1903. | 1904. | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------|
| | Dec. | March 31. | June 30. | Sept. 30. | Dec. 23. |
| Anglo-French .. | 3 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 4 $\frac{1}{16}$ |
| Con. Gold Flds. .. | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 6 $\frac{1}{16}$ |
| De Beers .. | 20 $\frac{3}{16}$ | 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 18 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Jagers .. | 28 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 28 | 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Oceana .. | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{9}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| S. A. Gold. Trust | 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 4 $\frac{7}{16}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 5 | 6 $\frac{5}{8}$ |
| T. Con. Lds. .. | 4 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 4 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 4 $\frac{1}{16}$ |
| Chartered .. | 2 $\frac{5}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{11}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{11}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{7}{16}$ | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Lomagunda .. | 2 | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{15}{16}$ | 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Mash. Agency .. | 1 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{5}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{15}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{5}{16}$ |
| Rhodesia Ex. .. | 3 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 2 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Tanganyika .. | 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 | 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{16}$ |
| Zambesia .. | 1 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 2 $\frac{7}{16}$ |
| Ash. G. Flds. .. | 16 | 3 | 2 $\frac{11}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| B. G. Coast .. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{9}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{9}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{1}{16}$ |
| G. C. Amal. .. | 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Wassau .. | 2 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{5}{16}$ | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 1 $\frac{1}{16}$ | 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ |

Discoveries of banket and alluvial in Rhodesia are responsible for the improvements that have fallen to some of the leading shares. Chartered, notwithstanding two new issues this year—the Company manifestly declines to be outmarched by the Japanese Government—are almost unaltered, after having recovered from the drop which took the price to five-and-twenty shillings. West Africans have disappointed all their followers, and a sequence of further scandals leaves the Westralian Market in a limp, discredited state. Yet the yields offered by some of its shares are amongst the highest to be obtained in the world of Mining finance.

Friday, Dec. 23, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

O. H. C.—It is impossible to place your list accurately. The Great Northern have the best market. Of the Industrial Debentures, we think the order might be Whiteleys, Rotherhams, Bryants, and De Keyzers, but there is little to choose.

NEMO.—Your remarks on Bonanza are to a great extent true, but people do not like short-lived mines.

E. J. C.—If you deal with the people whose circular you send us, all we can say is that you will be a standing example of the proverb that "a fool and his money are the salvation of the industrious."

NOTE.—In consequence of the Christmas holidays, we are obliged to go to press early, and must again ask the indulgence of correspondents who do not receive replies in this issue.

A Company has been formed to carry on the publication of the *Publishers' Circular*, and it will be learned with pleasure that Mr. Marston continues in the editorial chair.

FINE-ART PLATES.



THE NYMPH.

A very fine new Photogravure, after the Painting by G. Spencer Watson.

Engraved Surface, 22 by 17½ in.

Exhibited at the New Gallery, Walker Art Gallery, &c.

Artist's Proofs, £2 2s.; Prints, £1 1s.



REVERIE.

After Jan van Beers.

And Companion Plate, "MEDITATION," after W. A. Breakspeare, 10 by 11 in., upon Mounts 17 by 23 in.; £1 1s. each; £1 11s. 6d. per Pair.

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